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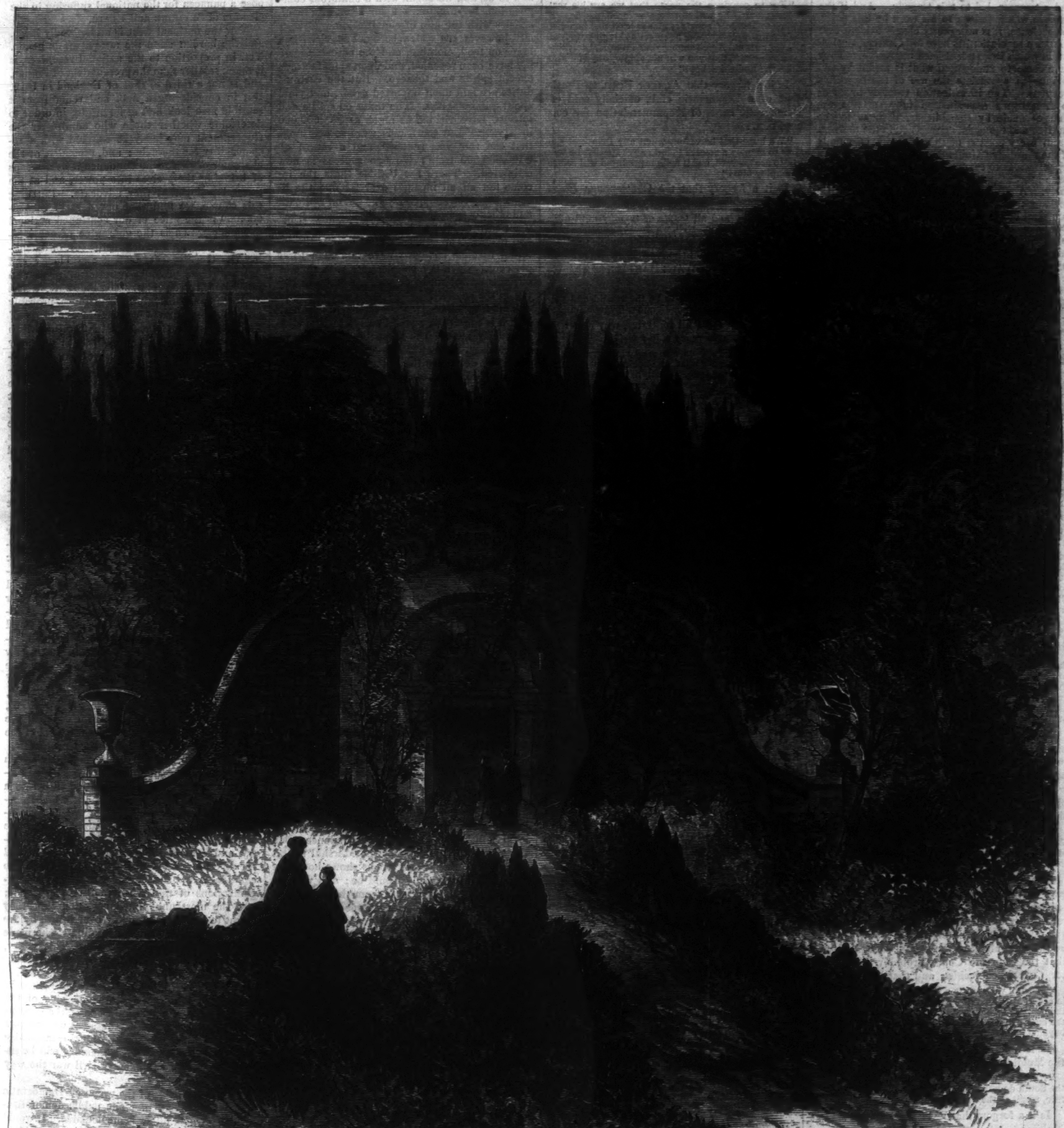


TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT OAK-RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—Sketched by F. D. Skiff.—[See next Page.]

THE TOMB OF LINCOLN.

It is now three years and four months since our President, Abraham Lincoln, was brought to sudden death by the assassin's bullet. His death was the occasion of universal grief. His funeral procession from Washington to Springfield was the march of a conqueror, whose grand victory had been won. He was buried on a beautiful spring-day in May, 1865, in the cemetery at Oak Ridge, Springfield. On our first page we give an illustration of the tomb which has been erected to his memory.

As we stand in the presence of this tomb we remember the first months of the secession movement—the violent threats of war uttered by the Southern branch of the Democratic party of these days—the peaceful declarations of the newly-inaugurated President, which said to Southern Democrats, "If war must come not we but you are to be the aggressors." We remember the terrible struggle of four years, and how, when it was over and the people were uniting in anthems of praise to God for a Union restored, the cloud burst upon us, and we heard that our President had been murdered.

We do not forget that the violence of the Democratic press, which held up Lincoln as a tyrant and a usurper, led to this tragedy. And if the assassin was urged on to his work by this partisan violence, it is now pretty clearly evident that Southern revolutionists have fully learned the lesson in which Booth had been instructed. They have come to understand what is meant by terrorism—to appreciate the use of the assassin's weapons. The investigation recently made as to Ashburn's assassination fully sustains the charges made by Republicans, both as to the motives and the agents concerned in the murder. From every portion of the South we hear daily of the murder of Union men. There are special organizations to carry on this bloody work. And these murderers are the allies of the Democratic party. A Mobile Democratic sheet explicitly declares that the Congressional plan of restoration shall be defeated, even if it should be necessary to resort to the dagger of a Brutus in order to accomplish that result. Is it not time that this violence should be suppressed by the uprising of the people in their majesty, and by their repudiation of the party which threatens revolution in the event of its success, and war in the event of its failure, and which courts the alliance of assassins?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, September 12, 1868.

ARE THEY FORGERIES?

THE New York *World* says: "The radical newspapers have forged speeches, and put them in the mouths of Southern Democrats by whom they were never uttered."

Is it a forgery that Frank P. Blair, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President wrote to Colonel James O. Brodhead on the 30th of June:

> "There is but one way to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts [of reconstruction] null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments and elect Senators and Representatives?"

Is it a forgery that Wade Hampton said at a Democratic ratification meeting in New York:

> "And I want you all to register an oath that when they ['the white people of the South' without regard to the exceptions of the reconstruction acts] do vote, that these votes shall be counted, and if there is a majority of white votes that you will place Seymour and Blair in the White House in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them?"

Is it a forgery that Wade Hampton said at his reception in Charleston, that he proposed in the Committee on the Platform in the Democratic Convention to insert the words, "And we declare that the reconstruction acts are revolutionary, unconstitutional, and void?" and that he added:

> "When I proposed that, every single member of the Committee—and the warmest men in it were the men of the North—came forward and said *they would carry it out to the end!*"

Is it a forgery that Mr. C. C. Langdon, delegate to the Democratic Convention, said in a published letter before the 4th of July, that the reconstruction measures are "unconstitutional and, of course, absolutely void," that this would be the chief plank in the Democratic platform; that the Supreme Court, probably at its next term, would so decide; and that he added:

> "Then all we want is a President whose views are in accord with that decision, and who has the will and the nerve to do his duty. It will be his duty to enforce the decree of the Court, if need be, at the point of the bayonet?"

Is it a forgery that John Forsyth said, in the Mobile *Register*, speaking of reconstruction:

> "And here we may as well say that the people of the South do not intend to submit to that permanent rule, result as the Presidential election may?"

Is it a forgery that Raphael Semmes said at Mobile:

> "I have come to declare that I have given in my allegiance, heart and soul, to the old flag, *provided* we can restore the old flag again to be the representative of the principles of the Constitution, which we will be able to effect by the election of Seymour and Blair?"

Is it a forgery that the Charleston *Mercury* said:

> "Peace was made by General Sherman in the spring of 1865, in his terms of capitulation with General Johnston. That was peace, and nothing else ever will be peace?"

Is it a forgery that Albert Pike said:

> The South is our land; the North is a foreign and hostile realm.... If the old Union can not be restored, we will hope to see the South independent before we die?"

Is it a forgery that General Battle, of the late rebel army, said at the Democratic meeting in Mobile:

> "The Democratic party indorses principles for which you battled?"

Is it a forgery that the Richmond *Enquirer* says:

> "The next Democratic House of Representatives, in case of a contest, will recognize, and only recognize, such members as come there under legal constitutions, and that have been adopted by the free consent of the white people of the State?"

Is it a forgery that the Richmond *Whig*, speaking of the Blair letter, said:

> "He declared without any hesitancy, and in terms too clear and decided to be misunderstood, that, were he President, the whole Executive power should be employed to blot out every vestige of Radical reconstruction?"

Is it a forgery that Wade Hampton said:

> "Try to convince the negro that we are his real friends; but if he will not be convinced, and is still joined to his idols, convince him at least that he must look to those idols, whom he serves as his gods, to feed and clothe him. Agree among yourselves, and act firmly on this belief, that you will not employ any one who votes the Radical ticket?"

Is it a forgery that Albert Pike, as President of a Democratic club, officially said of Democratic cards of recommendation for colored men:

> "We hope that hereafter, when any Democrat desires to employ a colored man in any capacity, he will ask to see his card, and if none is produced will refuse to employ him?"

Is it a forgery that the Chattanooga *Union* said:

> "Suffer any and all taunts or tyranny until after November, and then—well, we would rather be a nimble squirrel than a white radical?"

Is it a forgery that the New York *World* said of such speeches of Wade Hampton as we have quoted:

> "We have found them to be the candid and persuasive utterances of an honest and courageous man?"

And if these are all forgeries, why is it that the Charleston *Mercury* said:

> "Private advices from our most strenuous friends at the North request that we should protest against the imprudent expressions that have escaped some Southern speakers since the adjournment of the National Democratic Convention.... It is questionable whether at this time any thing is to be gained by too much reference to things that jar on people's nerves. What we want just now is to win?"

If these are not forgeries they show distinctly that the policy of the Democratic party, should it succeed at the polls, will be the forcible overthrow of the governments of the Southern States. That will necessarily produce civil war.

THE TRUE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

The responsibility for the debt we considered last week. It rests with the Democratic party. Has the Republican party shown a disposition to increase or to diminish the national expenses? This is the real financial question of the campaign. The Republicans were compelled to make a debt to save the Government. The country of course means to pay it. It can not pay it, however, without taxation and without a spirit of economy in the party that controls the Government. Yet even if that party evinced a recklessness that can not be proved against the Republican, it by no means follows that the country would find relief by throwing itself into the hands of the Democrats, for reasons that we have suggested. What, then, are the facts?

The receipts for the last fiscal year were $406,300,000. What becomes of this great sum? The mass of it goes to pay the necessary debt. For interest, $141,635,551. For principal paid, $34,749,777. For bounties, pensions, and other war claims, $83,683,291. Here are about $260,000,000, including the cost of the Freedmen's Bureau and Reconstruction expenses. How could a Democratic administration reduce this amount? For the Bureau is now to end, and the Reconstruction expenses have mainly ceased. Besides this sum, however, there are the ordinary expenses of the Government, the Civil list, the Interior, the War and Navy Departments, and the Engineer Bureau, all amounting to a little more than $146,000,000. This absorbs the revenue, and Senator Sherman, who is especially conversant with financial matters in Congress, says: "I can not recall a single item of appropriation, except for the Freedmen's Bureau and Reconstruction, that was not supported by all parties, both in the Senate and House."

But Congress has materially lightened the expenses. It opposed the enormous pressure for extra civil and military pay, involving millions of dollars. It has abolished that temporary but most indispensable institution, the Freedmen's Bureau. Nothing has been more malignantly opposed by the rebels and Copperheads than the Bureau, because nothing tended more to secure finally and absolutely the victory of the war. The Democratic orators have made the loosest statements of the enormous expenses of the Bureau, devoted, they declare, to the support of lazy able negroes. Mr. D. W. Voorhees lately asserted that it spent for that purpose ten or fifteen millions a year. The truth is, according to General Howard, the unimpeachable chief of the Bureau, that, deducting the pay and allowances of army officers and the commissary stores from army dépôts, the total actual cost of the Freedmen's Bureau has been less than six millions of dollars. It has been no less the friend of the poor whites than of the poor blacks, and its service to the country has been of the noblest and most invaluable character. In the other departments of the Government there has been a similar reduction, so that the aggregate appropriations for ordinary expenditures have fallen from $146,000,000 to $91,000,000. With all the drawbacks the expenses of the Government this year will not exceed $100,000,000, exclusive of the public debt and bounties and pensions.

Now, how is the money raised for these expenses? In other words, what is our system of taxation? The subject was comparatively new to us, and we began with a cumbrous complication, levying taxes upon a multitude of articles with the aim of equalization. Gradually, however, the system becomes simple. The taxes on food, clothing, and the necessaries of life have been repealed, and upon manufactures except spirits and tobacco. But the customs duties are laid upon imported goods, and yield about $165,000,000. The taxes on spirits and tobacco have yielded as much as $55,000,000 in a year. But the frauds were so enormous that the rate was reduced, and a return of $100,000,000 from those two sources is now estimated. There are besides these the income tax on all incomes over $1000; the license tax; the stamp tax; the tax on railroads and other corporations, and miscellaneous taxes upon such articles as billiard tables, carriages, and plate. The expenses of collecting the internal revenue last year were less than three per cent., which is a smaller rate than that of customs collection, or of any local State or city tax in the country.

This may not be a perfect system of taxation. But it is constantly tested by experience, and is rigorously modified to meet the necessities of the country. Have the Democrats, who so vehemently denounce the tax-gatherer, proposed any method more effectual? Looking at the facts and figures, is the Democratic party likely to stop the visits of the collector except by refusing to pay him? If the party of which the Southern chiefs have again taken the command should come into power, will it probably insist upon paying the cost of suppressing the rebellion and decline to consider the pensions of rebel soldiers and compensation for rebel losses? Certainly not. It will either say, pay the whole; or it will stand by its platform and repudiate the whole.

CONGRESS AND THE SOUTHERN VOTE.

The frank declarations of the leading Southern Democrats that the colored vote must be coerced or coaxed for Seymour and Blair—the system of certificates which decrees starvation against any colored laborer who can not prove his Democracy; the thoroughly aroused rebel spirit which haughtily declares that it supports the Democratic candidates, because their success will be substantially that of the rebellion; the terrorism which is already directed against known Union men; the constant murders without punishment; and the total want of an organized militia—place the alarming situation of the Southern States beyond question.

There is a general demand from loyal men in those States for the assembling of Congress in September, to provide for the arming of a loyal militia. The late correspondence upon the subject of the right of the Marshal to call upon the United States troops shows how very slow any such remedy would be; and without the moral support arising from the consciousness of an efficient military force immediately available it is not to be expected that the loyal Union vote will be generally polled.

The objection to the assembling of Congress seems to be that many of the members are needed upon the stump. But the work could be very soon done, and the votes necessary to complete it would probably be quite as serviceable to the cause as the speeches that might be made elsewhere during the time. The only really valid objection would be an evident want of time to pass proper laws, and perfect organization under them, between the 21st of September and the election. But that must have been considered when the resolution was taken to adjourn to that date, or there is a very serious responsibility upon the Republican majority. The Southern States are the weak point of the campaign, for there the probability of a fair expression of the will of the lawful voters is smallest. The Democrats do not mean that the lawful voters shall prevail, but that "the white vote" shall be known at all events. What we all have a right to demand is that there shall be as fair a lawful vote as possible. Under the circumstances as they now appear that is not to be expected; and Congress, which is responsible for the want of a proper militia organization in those States, is morally bound to do what it can to secure a fair election.

TAXATION.

Mr. Seymour says in his letter of acceptance: "The hours of toil of our laborers are lengthened by the costs of living made by the direct and indirect exactions of Government. Our people are harassed by the heavy and frequent demands of the tax-gatherer." Mr. Pendleton asks at Bangor: "Why is it that your taxes consume such an enormous amount of your yearly supply?" The lesser orators of the party repeat the assertion and the question. "We are taxed," they say, "beyond precedent. If we did but know it, we are the most oppressed and tax-ridden people in the world." And having exhausted epithets in describing taxation, having made the most astounding misrepresentations of the expenses of the Government, and carefully refrained from proposing any financial policy except that of Jeremy Diddler, they propose a panacea for the national suffering in the election of Seymour and Blair.

Now the national debt is undoubtedly large, and the burden upon the tax-payers is heavy. Yet, in proportion to the national resources, it is much smaller than the present debt of France, and is not a third of that of England in 1816. But in considering a debt and relief from it sensible men look first at its origin, in order to determine whether those who administer the Government may justly be charged with a responsibility for the debt; and, secondly, at the character of those who denounce it as a means of bringing themselves into power, and at the general policy that they advocate. Pursuing this course, we find that our debt of $2,500,000,000 is the price of our continued national existence, which is the guarantee of our individual welfare. The debt is the cost of defending the Government against the bloody and desperate and prolonged assault of those who now aspire to control it. To subdue Mr. Wade Hampton and his legion, for instance, probably cost the Government more than a million of dollars. In the Democratic Convention, which protested so pathetically against the enormity of taxation, there were scores of ex-rebel officers, both civil and military, who were individually chargeable with several millions of the debt. To suppress their insurrection the debt was incurred. Twenty-five hundred millions of dollars is the price of the Union that we have maintained, of the cancer of slavery that we have cut out, of the commanding position and vast influence among nations that we have won, of the fundamental principles of a free government that we have vindicated and are vindicating. This is the origin of the debt, and it can not be forgotten.

Is the Republican party justly responsible for it? The rebellion was plotted under a Democratic President. Its chiefs were Democratic cabinet officers, Democratic senators, Democratic governors and judges. It was sustained in arms by Democrats; Democrats did their utmost to paralyze the Government in the contest. The Democratic Convention declared the efforts of the Government futile, and demanded surrender to the rebellion. And now that at this vast cost the rebellion, waged by the arms and prolonged by the sympathy solely of adherents and leaders of the Democratic party, has been subdued, those leaders step forward, denounce the debt which they compelled the country to incur, and demand the control of the Government which they could not overthrow.

What, then, are the promises under which the demand is made? Are they such as reasonably to justify the expectation of a return of that public confidence without which prosperity and relief from taxation will be indefinitely postponed? The policy announced by the Democratic party by which to pacify the country and cement the Union is revolution and repudiation. It is distinctly declared by the candidates and the leaders that the present organizations of the Southern States are void; and the most unqualified assertion that they ought to be at once forcibly overthrown by the President secured for the candidate who made it an enthusiastic nomination. This policy, which the framers of the platform ardently agreed to carry out to the end, can be carried out only by involving the States concerned in anarchy. Congress and the decision of the Supreme Court will sustain one of the governments; the Democratic President will support the other. In the nature of things compromise will be impossible. The difference will be referred to force. Is another civil war the way to relieve taxation?

The other point of the proposed Democratic policy is repudiation. The public demoralization that would follow is incalculable. It would be poison at the very sources of the national life. It would properly make this country a despised outcast among nations. We should be a society of swindlers, and the whole glory of our victory over the rebellion would be fatally tarnished by our voluntary dishonor. The rebel chiefs would have the exultation of beholding the disgrace of the people whom they could not defeat. To them the satisfaction would be the same. They are indifferent whether they humiliate us by arms or by arts. But the moral character of every public question is its really essential part. But the industrial ruin, like the public demoralization, consequent upon repudiation is inconceivable. Already the actual loss to the country from the mere suspicion of a possible intention to repudiate may be estimated at millions of dollars. Such a suspicion is a shock to the public credit which is felt through the whole system, and every dollar which is thus lost is taken from the resources with which the pressure of the debt is to be relieved. In public as in private affairs, honesty is the best policy. The man who to relieve present necessity becomes a thief must not hope to be received among honorable men. But a man whom honorable men despise can hardly make an honest living. Is national dishonesty the way permanently to relieve taxation?

The whole matter comes then to this—that the party whose rebellion against the Government caused the debt now, as a means of obtaining control of the Government, denounces the taxation necessary to pay it. According to the Democratic oracles the Republican party is three times guilty: first, of not submitting to rebellion; second, of suppressing it by arms; third, of wishing honestly to foot the bill of expenses. "Heavy and frequent demands of the tax-gatherer!" "Enormous amount" of taxation! shout Messrs. Seymour, Pendleton, Vallandigham, Wade Hampton, and their friends. Mr. Hampton, if you had not taken up arms against a Government that never injured you; Mr. Seymour and Mr. Pendleton, if you had never patted Mr. Hampton upon the back, the taxes would neither have been frequent nor enormous, and your names would not be those of willing witnesses of their country's destruction.

WHY WALL STREET IS DULL.

The brokers of Wall Street are complaining that they never knew so dull a season as the summer of 1868. Though the rate of interest has been unusually low, the accumulation of capital enormous, and the traffic on the railways large, the business in stocks has not been more than half that of last summer, or one quarter that of the palmy days of 1863 and 1864. Why is this? Is the gambling instinct dying out? Have people got over the desire to make sudden fortunes on the Stock Exchange? Or have the leading operators of the street, in an insane greed for inordinate profits, held the common-sense of the public too cheap, and killed the goose that laid golden eggs?

In olden times, when a man proposed to speculate in Wall Street, he bought one or more hundred shares of stock, if he deemed it low, then awaited events; if his calculation was correct, the stock rose, and he sold out at a profit; if his calculation was incorrect, the stock fell, and he sold out or was sold out by his broker at a loss. Nowadays speculation is different. A party or clique of wealthy operators combine together to buy not a few hundred or thousand shares, but the whole of a given stock; and their theory is, that, after having secured control of the stock, they will elect themselves directors, appoint their friends and relatives to the offices, cause the price of the stock to advance by shrewd manipulations, then sell out to the public at the advance. Nothing can be prettier than such a scheme; nothing easier, with unlimited command of money, than the accomplishment of the first four steps in the programme; nothing more profitable, provided the last step can be achieved, and the public persuaded to buy the stock from the clique at the advance. It is just possible, however, to underrate the common-sense of people at large. The public is stupid, probably; but there are some baits too gross even for its stupidity. As a general rule, it does certainly prefer to buy stocks when they are dear rather than when they are cheap; but there is a limit to its credulity, and if cliques are too greedy, and want to make too much money, the public is apt to stand aloof and refuse to trade altogether.

This is what has happened this summer. Last winter and spring wealthy combinations of operators secured control of nearly all the leading stocks—New York Central, Michigan Southern, Cleveland and Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, St. Paul, and Rock Island. At the annual elections the new proprietors elected themselves directors of their respective railroads, and appointed their friends and relatives to the offices. Next, by very simple manipulations, they forced up the market-price of the stocks they held some ten or fifteen per cent. Thus far all went well. The cliques appeared to have made—on paper—very large profits. All that was necessary to crown the operation with success was to realize the last step in the programme, and tc sell out to the public at the advance. There was a hitch here.

For, at the very first attempt to market their stocks, the cliques discovered that the public would not buy. Glowing newspaper articles dilated on the heavy railroad earnings and the brilliant crop prospects. They fell perfectly flat. The brokers had no orders, and Broad Street was quiet as a country meeting-house. A dull and dogged public would not see that Michigan Southern which, in June, 1867, was pronounced by its Directors dear at 67, should be cheap, in June, 1868, at 87; or that Northwestern, which, in 1866, was considered inflated at 40, should now be worth 70; or that New York Central, which, in the hands of the most experienced railway men in the country, had not averaged par, should now be a purchase at 125. There was no use arguing the question. The public could no more be moved than the Stock Exchange building itself.

Baffled in their first attempt, the cliques now set to work to convince the public that it was wrong, and that their stocks were really cheap.

The way to do this was to pay dividends. There was a trifling difficulty in the way. They had no money to divide. But they had control of their own stock books; so they printed off a quantity of new stock, made a present of it to their stockholders, and called it a dividend. Now, said they to the public, see what you might have made had you bought our stock.

The appeal fell as flat as the newspaper articles. The public had heard of Micawber, and hadn't much faith in his methods of finance. They looked on with respectful astonishment at the declaration of ten per cent. scrip dividends by companies which, by their own showing, had not really earned a dividend for years, and which were compelled to sell bonds every few months to keep their roads in order. But buy they certainly would not. The genius of the clique managers filled people with admiration. The public talked of them, dined with them, went on excursions with them, extolled them to the skies—did every thing, in short, except buy their stocks.

The case was becoming alarming. Summer was waning. Four months of the easiest money-market on record had passed, and no stock had been marketed. The roads had been doing famously, but the stocks were duller than ever. What was to be done? As a last desperate resource, cash dividends were declared on Michigan Southern and Pittsburg. Of course the companies had no cash to divide. The Pittsburg Company was then, and is now, selling 7 per cent. mortgage bonds at a discount in a 4 per cent. money-market to provide means to equip and repair its road. The Michigan Southern, only last year, nearly defaulted on its interest; and since then the increase in its earnings has been trifling. Still, money could be borrowed; borrowed it was, and the dividends duly paid. As a delicate piece of pleasantry the Michigan Southern dividend, being the first for four years, was called "semi-annual; while the Pittsburg dividend, being the first for two years, was pronounced "quarterly." Will it be believed that even this bait failed to arouse the public? Such, alas! was the case. There was, if possible, even less inquiry for the stocks after than before the dividend. Every resource had now been exhausted. The money-market, the traffic on the roads, the temper of the press, had all been in favor of the cliques, and yet, here were autumn and a stringent money-market at hand, and they actually held more stocks than they had held in May.

If any man, outside or inside of the cliques, gravely wonders at this result, let him, first, do the public the justice to believe that, stupid as it may be, it is not wholly idiotic; and secondly, let him compare the present prices of stocks (adding thereto the dividends just declared) with the usual prices of the past ten years. The following table tells the story:

Stocks.	Present Price.	Usual Price.	Advance Per Share.
New York Central.......	130	100	$30
Michigan Southern......	70	99	29
Cleveland & Pittsburg...	70	98	28
Northwestern...........	35	91	56
Do. Preferred...........	60	91	31
Rock Island.............	95	112	17
Fort Wayne.............	95	111	16
St. Paul.................	40	77	37

Be it remarked that these "usual" prices are not panic prices, but fair averages for the past ten years. Within four years all these stocks have sold, in panics, $15 @ $20 below these "usual" prices. Was it reasonable on the part of the cliques to expect the public, merely because the money-market was easy, and the roads doing well for the time, to forget that whenever in the past ten years stocks had for a season advanced above these usual prices, they had soon afterward receded below them?

Again, was it doing justice to public common-sense, poorly as the cliques may think of it, to overlook the fact that the events of the past year have almost destroyed confidence in railway investments? The year 1867 ended in a Wall Street panic, caused by the discovery of the fact that one of the most esteemed companies, the Chicago and Rock Island, had surreptitiously issued and sold in open market five millions of new stock. A month later the financial community was again shocked to learn that the Directors of the Rock Island had fled the State, carrying with them their books and their money, and had procured an act from the Iowa Legislature postponing indefinitely the election of Directors in that Company. A couple of months later followed the surreptitious issue and sale of ten millions of Erie stock, under circumstances so barefaced and shameful as to disgrace the whole community in which such crimes could be perpetrated. And it is with these scandalous transactions, fresh in every man's memory, that the cliques of 1868 expect a confiding public to buy their stock at thirty per cent. advance over the old average!

If any man wants to know where this state of things will end, let him study the history of the past. Nothing is new under the sun. This is not the first time that oversanguine men have undertaken bold enterprises, in ignorance of the laws of trade, and in a somewhat contemptuous misapprehension of the common-sense of the public. Such men, when disappointment overtakes them, often struggle hard and manfully against inevitable disaster. But the end comes, for all their struggles, sooner or later, and values, like water, find their level at last.

THE TRUE DEMOCRATIC DOCTRINE.

The spirit of the Southern Democrats, by whom the Democratic managers now hope to carry the election, may be seen in the following extract from the Mobile *Register*, an ardent supporter of Seymour and Blair. It was those who, according to their leader Alexander H. Stephens, were trying to found an empire on the corner stone of slavery who were fighting for human liberty, and the Government of the United States was a faction hostile to freedom. We have not seen a better exposition of the Democratic doctrine of which Seymour and Blair are the representatives:

> "Already the word 'Copperhead' has lost half of its odium in the Northern public mind, and 'rebel' is getting to be understood as an armed protest against a faction that was inimical to human freedom, and was at open war with the Constitution of the United States. The world will at last understand that the South never did or mean to 'rebel' against either the Union or the Constitution of the United States, but only against a faction, in whose hands both were in peril of destruction. The Confederate States bore the old Constitution with them, and set it up on their own altars, for a purer, holier, and safer worship. And history will yet write that it was that act, that, through fire and blood, saved the Constitution, and enabled the nation in the fullness of time to vindicate and re-enthrone it in their hearts, and again plant it upon the altars of a common country."

POISONED MEATS.

It is very amusing to see the Democrats trying to wheedle the colored vote. At a late Barbecue at La Grange, in Arkansas, the Democratic Committee placarded this attractive bill through the neighborhood: "Come one! Come all! Both White and Black! As the infamous lie is in circulation that the meats for colored persons will be poisoned, we nail that Radical trick to the counter by offering choice of tables to our colored friends, or we will divide places with them." Dividing places we understand to mean occupying alternate seats, which shows a degree of social intimacy that was not to be expected, and which is, at least, suspiciously sudden. This conversion of the Arkansas Democracy is peculiarly Providential, for on the 17th of last January its Convention in that State declared first, for "A white man's government in a white man's country;" second, "The incapacity of the negro for self-government;" and, third, for "The exclusion of negroes from an equal participation in making the laws, and from the rights and privileges of social equality."

We trust that our friends in the Southern States will show to the colored voters in the plainest manner, that, politically speaking, the Democrats are trying to get hold of the black hand to cut the black throat with it. They want black votes to help them into power that they may abolish black voting. Let our friends invite the colored voters to meditate the words of the Charleston *Mercury*, a distinguished Democratic authority, which asks whether "Southern men" are "to be driven at will by negro slaves; to be domineered over by black barbarians; to be legislated out of their property by ignorant savages." Or these of the Richmond *Enquirer*, equally Democratic and authoritative: "This was intended to be, and must always remain, a white man's government. None but white men must vote or hold office." Or these of the Mobile *Register*, no less Democratic and representative, which describes the "negro vote" as "null and void, and a sum of villainies," and begs the Democratic party not "to send the army down to settle our domestic disputes, and turn the scale in the contest of white men with black scalawags."

If the opinion upon this subject of conspicuous individual Democrats is desired, let the colored voters be reminded of the speech of Mr. Robert Toombs at the Seymour and Blair ratification meeting at Atlanta, in which he describes the Georgia Legislature as "two hundred and twenty very respectable gentlemen, leaving out the kinker-heads (laughter), the honor of whose acquaintance I have not, my association not lying in that direction just at present, not having qualified (laughter)." Or the equally dignified and honorable remarks of Mr. Howell Cobb: "Tell them that you have seen the poor, ignorant, debased, unhappy, unfortunate, and deluded nigger taken, not by the voice of persuasion and of argument.... to fill up the ballot-box that formerly received the votes of the good and true men of Georgia." Or the declaration of Senator Hendricks, of Indiana: "We meet the question squarely; we are against negro suffrage." Or the observations of the New York *Sunday Mercury*, true-blue Democrat: "Nobody but a restless fanatic ever doubted that the negro is a natural barbarian; that in his own tropical home he never rises above cannibalism and frequent holocausts of human sacrifices." And it adds, speaking not of Forrest, Quantrell, and their companions, but of those who, when their masters were away to fight to keep them in hopeless slavery, spared the homes those masters left: "Their instinctive relish for carnage and blood-thirsty ferocity will assert itself whenever proper opportunity offers."

In consideration of this universal and traditional Democratic contempt, slander, and derision of the colored race, perhaps the "choice of tables" or even the offer "to divide places" will not be very seductive to the new voters. And, upon the whole, they may very naturally suppose, despite the assurance of the Committee, that the meats *are* poisoned.

ELLIOTT, THE ARTIST.

The loss of Mr. Elliott, the artist, is sincerely deplored, not only by his personal friends, but by all who knew him. He was a man of the truest modesty and simplicity of nature, and of a quaintness of humor that was very delightful and endearing. Always unobtrusive, he was not personally widely known, but his works, his portraits, are familiar to every body. They have a vigor, and freedom, and brilliancy, which always distinguish them, and the likeness is always curiously felicitous. Born in the centre of the State, his home for more than thirty years had been chiefly in this city, from which he strayed upon his professional errands. For the last two or three years, however, he had resided at Albany, where he died. Now that he is gone, the seal of silence upon friendly and loving lips has been broken, and those who have the best right to speak of him, speak with the sincerest admiration and affection of his personal qualities. The interest of the public, however, is mainly with his works, and that interest will be enduring. Of all the fraternity of artists, none was more generally beloved by his fellows than Elliott; and the work of none would be more missed than his upon the walls of the Academy.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH GRANT.

The Democrats having accused General Grant of every mean and malignant villainy possible, now allege that he was really responsible for the indescribable atrocities of the Andersonville pen. This they do upon the authority of a most appropriate ally, Robert Ould, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange. The Union Commissioner, General Meredith, has, however, restated the terrible truth of the matter.

Why do not the Democrats declare the real secret of their hostility to General Grant, that he compelled Lee to surrender?

ANOTHER WITNESS.

A private letter to us from Alabama says:

> "What I consider first, and most to be deplored, is the universal proscriptive policy the South is again adopting in order to make the poor and susceptible subservient to their will in the canvass now going on for the election for President. Intimidation and threats are freely used; news-venders are cautioned against selling papers and periodicals that entertain views distinct from the prevailing rebel sentiment of the place, or that are in favor of the Republican cause.....Eighteen months ago the local papers advised the news-venders to suppress the sale of *Harper's Magazine* and *Weekly;* and for my expostulating with them on the inconsistency of such unwarranted proscription I was severely assailed in print.....I will soon leave for my old home in Brooklyn. I have been over six years at the South, and over three years here at Mobile; and I find loyalty to the Government more odious now than on the first day I landed in Dixie"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In Vermont the State election is being held as we go to press. Last year the Republican majority was 20,000; in 1866 nearly 23,000. A Republican gain in this election will be a very decisive indication of a Republican victory in November. The election in California takes place September 2. Then there is a lull until the 14th, when Maine will speak. In October elections will be held in Pennsylvania, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, and West Virginia.

Secretary M'Culloch and Commissioner Rollins have made a compromise in regard to revenue appointments, which are to be divided half and half between the two parties.

General Rosecrans's Sulphur Springs mission resulted in nothing more than a correspondence between him and prominent Confederate Generals. Before this meets the eyes of our readers that correspondence will probably be published. It is a trivial circumstance any way. The questions of the campaign are too profound for either General Rosecrans or General Lee to decide safely. The people will decide them in November.

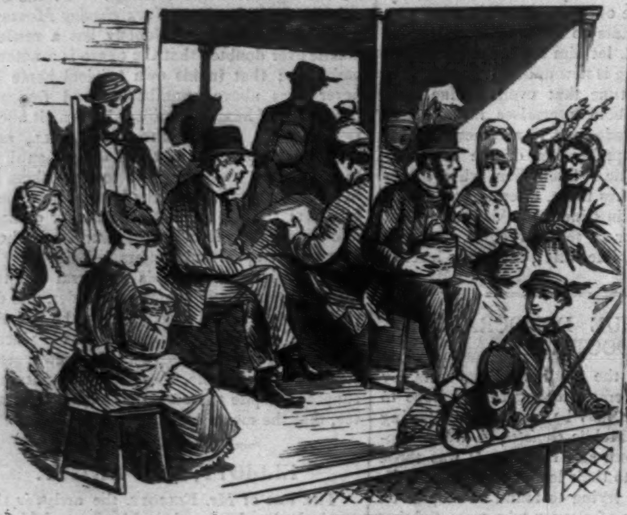
The Indians are again on the war-path; but General Sherman is equal to the emergency. He has virtually declared them under martial law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

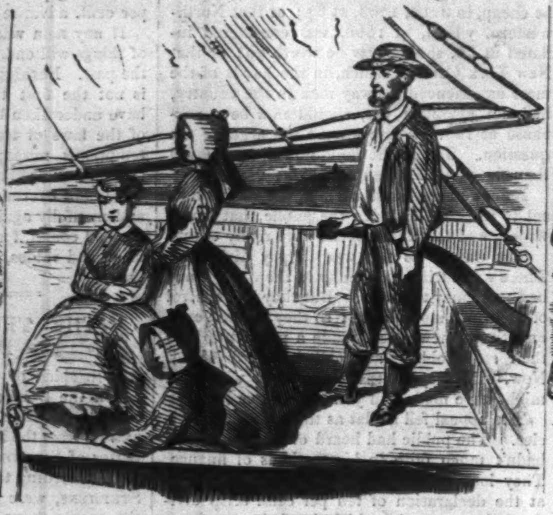
In Paraguay, South America, Humaita, General Lopez's strong-hold, has fallen, after the most desperate resistance on the part of its defenders. It yet remains to be seen whether this is the decisive battle between Paraguay and the Allies.

The new British Parliament assembles on the 10th of December.

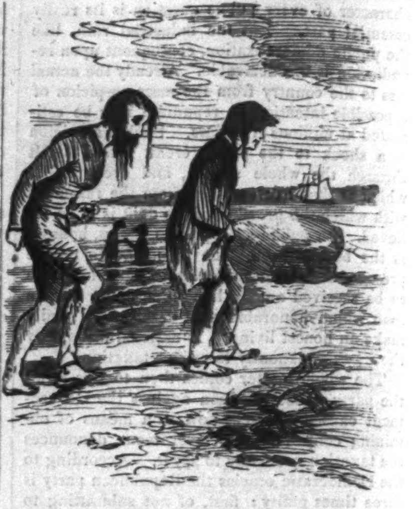
The election for the Department of Jura in France has resulted in the triumph of the Opposition candidate, 22,428 against 10,290. It must be noted that in 1863 the Opposition only received about 1500 votes out of 30,500.



FROM NEW BEDFORD.



FROM NANTUCKET.



BATHING ON THE BEACH.

CAMP-MEETING AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Martha's Vineyard is celebrated for its camp-meetings. Its location is peculiarly adapted to those who desire to mingle their holiday summer excursions with healthy spiritual enjoyment.

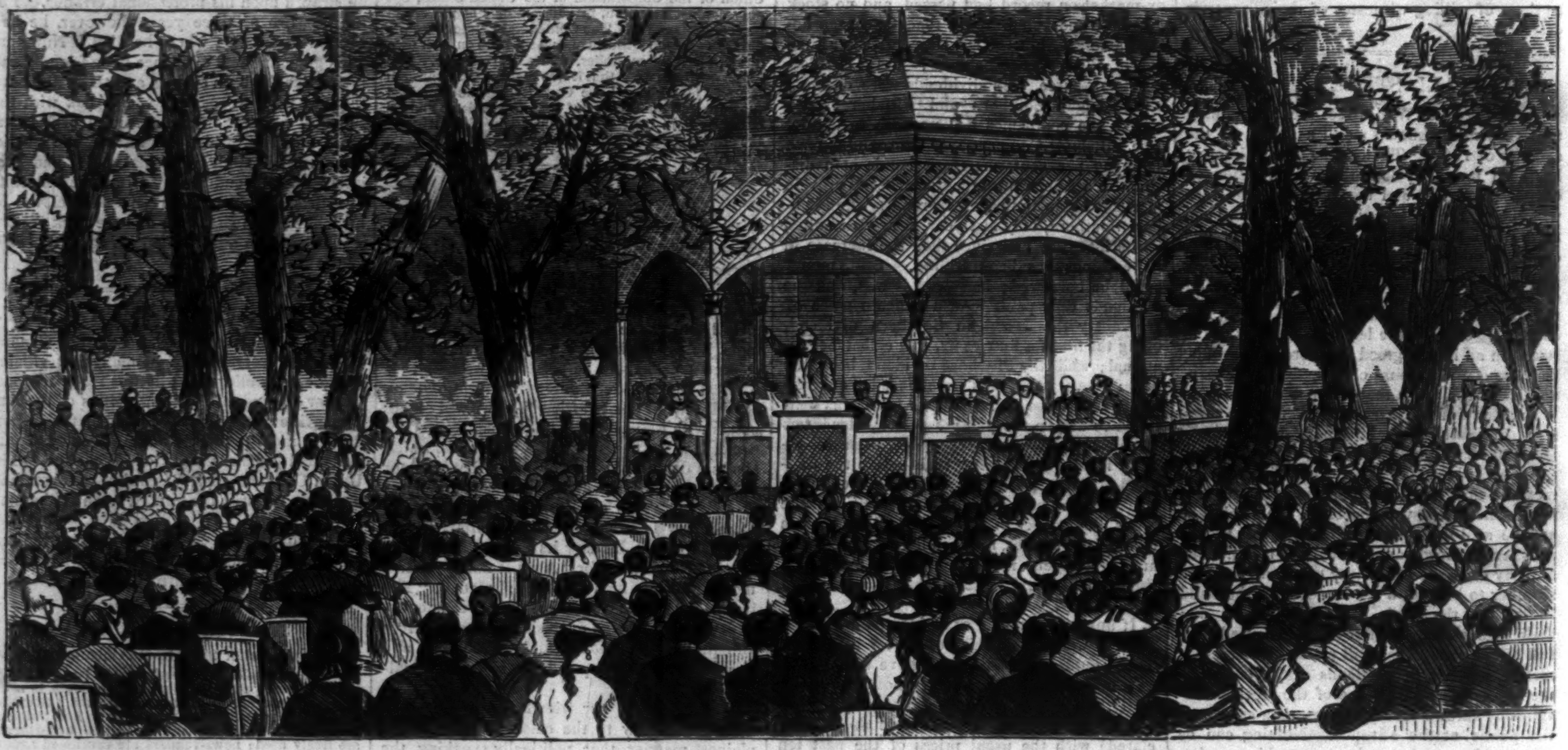
The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the locality, and the means of reaching it:

"A sail of three hours takes you from the quaint little city of New Bedford, across Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound, to Martha's Vineyard. If you must economize your time or money, or if there are ladies in your company, you will take the little steamboat which makes daily trips to the various towns along the Bay and Sound; but if there are no such overruling obstacles, a much better way will be to get a sail-boat at New Bedford and spend half a day on the excursion, cruising around the Elizabeth Islands, which lie between New Bedford and the Vineyard, and separating the Bay from the Sound.... A mile or thereabouts south of Holmes Hole, on the northeast shore of the island, is the grove in which the Wesleyan Methodists for many years past have been accustomed to hold one of the most remarkable camp-meetings in America. They first assembled here for prayer in 1835, and, except one brief interval, they have met here annually ever since, though it is only within the last six or seven years that their gatherings in this spot have acquired a national importance."

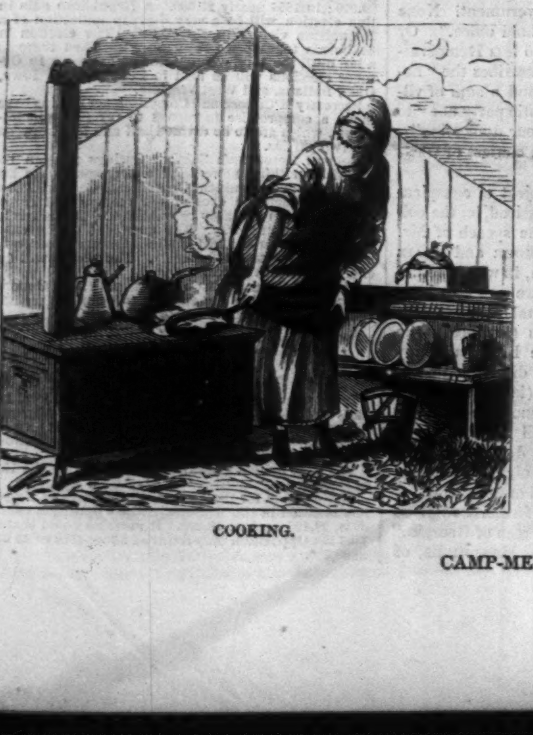
The daily attendance last year was 10,000; and this year it is probably greater, as not only New England but the Middle States contribute to the gathering. The camp is in a beautiful grove of scrub-oaks, washed on two sides by the sea, with a salt-water pond in its rear, into which the sea flows at high-tide over a narrow strip of beach. The grounds, including 150 acres, are owned by an association of Methodists, who have been offered a charter by the Massachusetts Legislature. There are over 200 cottages on the ground, one-fourth of which have been erected during the present summer. "In front," says the correspondent from whom we have already quoted, "there is a pretty little veranda, and three or four feet of garden may be fenced in before it. Over the front-door there is generally a balcony. The high-peaked roofs, the balconies, the door and window frames, are all decorated with scroll-work; stained glass, silver door-plates, hanging lanterns, and other luxuries are beheld at every turn; the houses are gayly painted, the verandas bloom with rare flowers, the little miniature yards are decked with moss and shell-work, and under the trees, which cast a thick shade over all, are rustic benches and swings for the children." Besides the cottages there are over 400 tents.

These thousands of people who frequent Martha's Vineyard at this season have more and fresher pleasures than those who summer at Newport or Long Branch. Here you see the latest fashions, and innocent flirtation is not unknown among the lads and lassies. They play croquet. Just below the steamboat landing there is a beach for bathing. And then there is fishing and sailing for those who are fond of aquatic sports, several good sail-boats being always at anchor off the pier. When evening sets in the girls put away their croquet and attend to the tea-making; then comes the evening service around the cottage doors, while outside the young people are promenading in the gayly lighted streets of this improvised village. The utmost care is taken by the Committee of Regulations to prevent fire, and all smoking is forbidden in the tents.

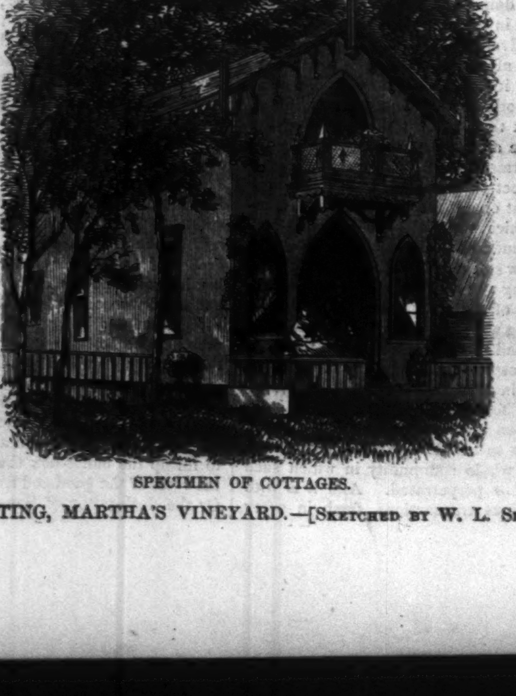
Our artist, Mr. **Sheppard**, has seized upon some of the most picturesque features connected with this beautiful camp. The daily services began on the 24th of August.



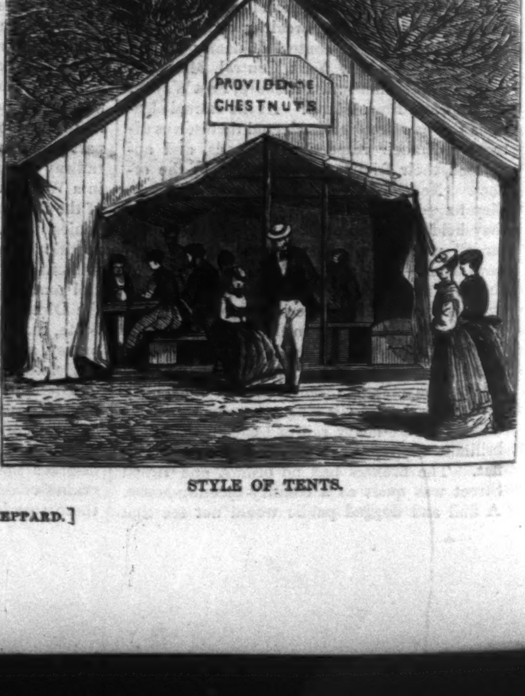
THE PREACHERS' STAND.



COOKING.



SPECIMEN OF COTTAGES.



STYLE OF TENTS.

CAMP-MEETING, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Industrial Fair at San Francisco promises to be the largest and most successful one ever held on the Pacific coast. We give below an illustration of the building in which it is to be held, which is situated on Union Square, covering nearly two-thirds of the entire square. On the Stockton Street front two pillars stand 80 feet high, flanking the main entrance. In the rear of these is the main pavilion, or hall, which is 288 feet length of roof, with nave of same length, 80 feet wide, and 63 feet high (average), with wings 50 feet wide and 272 feet long—the roof, where it joins the nave, being 40 feet high and sloping to 28 feet at the eaves. Around the entire nave runs a gallery for promenade purposes, which is 9 feet wide and 15 at end, where staircases descend on each side to the main floor. The Art Gallery is 205 feet long by 30 wide. The various artists of San Francisco have largely engaged space for the exhibition of their works. The especial object of the Fair is to exhibit California products and manufactures, including wines as a prominent feature. Sixteen gold and fifty-six silver medals will be awarded.

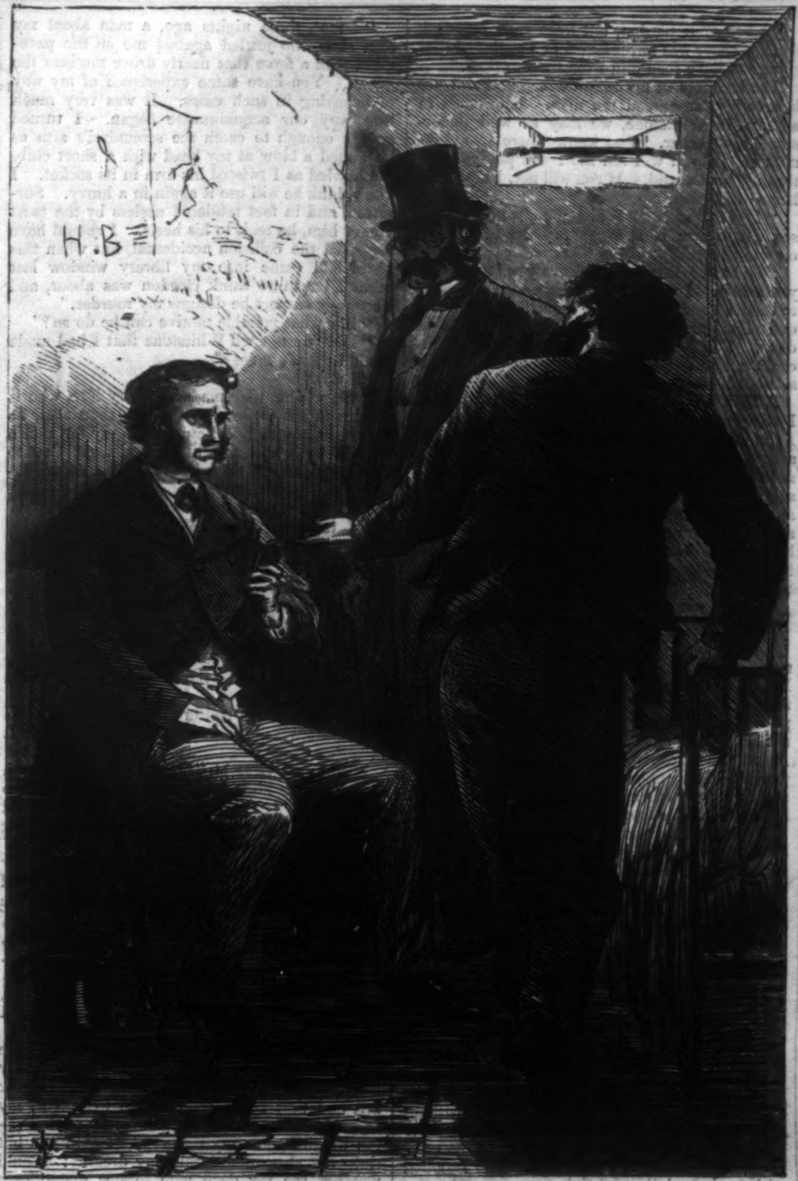
THE LAWYER'S STORY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

To recover a child for a father who had been the seducer of the mother, for this, in fact, was the sum of all this story, was a task that I did not covet. Besides this it was totally out of the line of professional employment. But he did not ask this. He, in fact, only asked a friend, and friendly counsel. And when I had penetrated the folds of his mind, and learned that under that strange, wild garb was a warm heart yearning to atone to the dead mother, the early dead, for all the wrongs he had brought on her, and to obey her dying command to take care of her child, that child whose name with his own formed the last sweet sounds of those beloved lips, sounds that yet lingered in all the air that he breathed in all countries and at all times, I began to be ready to assist him in accomplishing this desire; and at length, promising him my aid as it might be from time to time available, I left my new friend to his lonesome house.

The incidents in this story are hardly to be considered professional incidents. They rather came to my knowledge in a professional capacity, and it is for this reason that I have chosen to relate them as a lawyer's story. My own connection with the incidents was from time to time during a period of several years after this.



"WE ACCORDINGLY PREPARED FOR HIS TRIAL IMMEDIATELY," ETC.

I did not at first direct any special attention to the matter. But at Mr. Ashmun's request I examined the will of Henry Gordon, which was proved in the Surrogate's office in New York city. It was in some respects curious, and I was led by its examination to look into the state of his property at the time of his death. A series of discoveries, which it is not necessary to recite here, induced me to believe that he had property in —— County. Among other items I learned that a lawyer named Whitstone, a resident of that county, had transacted his business, and was in fact the confidential friend and adviser of both the brothers. On directing a search to the clerk of —— County I had returned a trust deed, executed by Gordon to this same Whitstone, for the settlement of a small income on Stephen Gray, the brother of the father of Eve, wife of Henry Gordon. I had learned that her parents were dead before her departure with Ashmun, and that they had died leaving no property. This trust deed was dated about a year after the disappearance of the younger Eve. At Ashmun's urgent solicitation I consented to go up to —— County to see Stephen Gray and make some inquiries there. But the autumn day on which I rode into the little village of —— was unpropitious for my inquiries.

Stephen Gray was dying! So said the boys in the street as they looked up at the closed shutters of his window, where they were used to see his face on a pleasant morning in the spring-time, where he was wont to sit and watch them on the shady sidewalk as they passed along to the door of the school-house. For thirty years now had the old man occupied that room and taught the village boys and maidens their first steps toward knowledge. The humble schoolmaster's influence had already been world-wide, and he was proud of his life—as proud as any statesman of his hard-earned laurels or his achieved triumph. For had he not heard of his boys in many lands? Was not the finest book on his table a volume written by one whom he had taught till he went to college, and did not the first page of the book contain a testimony of the boy's love, and loving remembrance? And had not Stephen Gray been named in the halls of learning, and even in the national Congress? There was a worn old newspaper in his drawer, carefully preserved, wherein was a report of the speech of his most brilliant scholar; and he had read over and over the passage in which the orator told the men of his nation that those were the principles he learned from his schoolmaster in the up-country.

Peacefully had Stephen Gray labored, and after working well it appeared now that the time was come when he might take his rest. He felt that he needed it, and was not unwilling to lie down. The school-house was open yet, but the boys were not called in; and the village girls gathered for a little while each morning at their school-room, and wept while Susan Gray told them of the old man.

Gentle Susan Gray! The memory of her winning loveliness comes back like a breeze of spring on a summer's day. She was a slender girl, with dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. Her cheeks were of the peach hue that is softest and most beautiful, while her chin and forehead were rounded in that perfection of contour which we sometimes see in the old paintings of Saint Cecilia. She was not called beautiful, but very, very lovely. The boys loved her in her girlhood. The young men loved her in her maidenhood. The children looked fondly and smilingly up at her in the street; and the old men blessed her for an angel, as she was, flitting across their dim visions. But she had not smiled now for seven days. Just so long had Stephen Gray been lingering where the roads parted, uncertain which to take. And now he was no longer hesitating or doubtful, but was passing swiftly by the dark road of death.

The light in the room was very dim, for the heavy wooden shutters were closed. Only a ray streamed through a crescent-shaped orifice and fell on the carpet near the side of the bed on which lay the giant form of the schoolmaster. His eyes were closed, but the occasional twitching, convulsive movement of his lips indicated painful thoughts. His grandchild knelt by a chair at the head of the bed. Old Mr. Johnson, the clergyman, stood on his left. Mrs. Duncan, the Scotch lady with whom he had lived for two-score years, was at the foot of the bed. Mrs. Whitney, the best friend of Susan Gray, sat on the right side of the old man and held one of his wasted hands in hers.

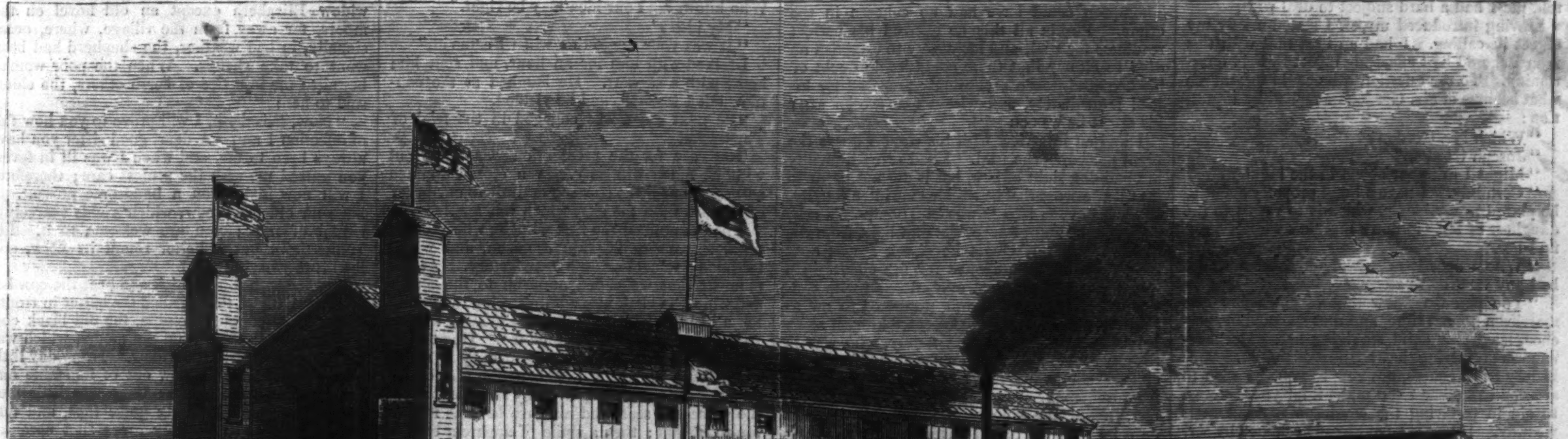
"My little one," murmured the thin lips of the dying schoolmaster.

Susan sprang to his side, and as his eyes opened they rested on that countenance with a joy that seemed to shine out of them, as if he fancied he were already looking into the face of a seraph.

"My little one, my darling bird, the old man's hour has come; and before the sun shines on the grave of my son under the church wall I shall be with him in the quiet places of the better country."

There was a quaintness in the expression which reminded all of them that the old man's love of quiet was his teacher when he thought of heaven.

"Dear Susy, come closer to me while I whisper to you. I had a dream just now. I thought I was with him and with mother. She was not old nor sad-eyed nor feeble, but she was young and fair as in the good days of our youth, and she was bright-eyed and shining as the people of that country all are; and while I looked at her I awoke, and your face was over mine, and oh, how like to her face both here in the old time



MECHANICS' INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—[SKETCHED BY L. R. TOWNSEND.]

and there in my dream! You are beautiful, my little child, and yet the day will come when your beauty will be dust, and those dear tresses that lie now on the old man's cheek will be hidden out of sight. But what grand times we will have then, my Susy, in the good country! Heaven is close to us, dear, and I am stepping now across its borders. Yet this was heaven, too, and the faces around me were pleasant and—and—and—"

"Susan," said the old man, after a long pause —"Susan, the boys have been here this morning again, have they not? I am glad the boys love me. It is pleasant to die out of a place where one is loved, and go to a place where all is love. Love—love! Yea, I thank God for the hope, through Jesus Christ our Lord!"

The voice of the dying teacher grew strong and bold as he uttered the last words, and he lifted himself in his bed. "Open the shutter a little more, if you please, Mrs. Duncan."

The beautiful light flushed his face with unwonted radiance, and he gazed out of the window at the corner of the little school-house, which stood next to his own, and at the elm-tree which hung over it. The first frost had touched the leaves, and some of them were falling. A group of boys stood near the door, looking sadly up at the shutters as they were thrown open. The old man knew they were there, though he did not see them, but he thought and thought till his brain ached with his sorrow.

"Oh, I shall not see them again! I am sorrowful exceedingly, now; for I am leaving all that I love, and when shall we meet again?" Then, as if he knew that his weakness was somewhat childish, he changed suddenly, and exclaimed, somewhat harshly, "Close the shutters —close them tight. Let no earthly light come across my vision. That single gleam effaced all the joy my dream had left me!"

For an hour after that he lay silent, but there was a visible alteration in his appearance. His features assumed an unnatural look, and his eyes were opened from time to time, but evidently without seeing. Then he began to murmur something, at first indistinctly, but at length in a clear, full voice, and they recognized passages of Holy Writ. But, as he continued, his voice began to break. His utterance grew indistinct; he paused, opened his eyes, and stared fixedly at Susan, muttered "He changeth my countenance and sendeth me away;" his hand was raised for a moment to the head of the fair girl, and he sought to bless her with his last words, but his utterance failed him, and Stephen Gray was gone to his wife, and was at rest in a quiet place.

I remained at —— three days, and saw Stephen Gray's body committed to the earth on which he had walked so many years. During these days I had not been idle in my inquiries about the Gordons, but I found that all search resulted in but one end, to wit, the necessity of consulting Whitstone, the lawyer who had been the adviser of the two brothers.

He was an old practitioner, sharp at times as an axe newly ground, and I have usually found that sort of sharpness very much like the axe in its liability to have its edge turned or broken by contact with any hard substance that twists a little. He was a fair specimen of a class of lawyers whose name is legion, whose professional triumphs are on technicalities, and with whom the perfection of legal acumen is in taxing large bills of costs, or in defending criminals charged with petty larceny.

I found my man in a den which he called an office, garnished with a few chairs, a goodly array of books around the walls, and a table covered with what had once been black cloth, but was now a mass of oil and ink. A glance at his face told me I had a hard subject to deal with.

Having introduced myself I stated briefly my object in calling. I had an idea that with this man I should best effect my object by bold questioning. To my question if he could inform me what became of Mr. Gordon he replied by a question:

"Which Mr. Gordon?"

"Joseph Gordon."

"Might I ask your object in the inquiry?"

"Certainly. I have a large property about to be placed in my hands, which is to revert to the daughter of Mr. Gordon's brother's wife, if I can find her."

"Where does it arise? I did not know she had any wealthy relatives."

"You perhaps know that Mrs. Gordon was married a second time, and that she died in Florence, leaving a child surviving her. Her husband is still living, but has lost his child. This history is, of course, not new to you. I wish to ascertain whether I can make it for your interest to aid in restoring the child. Mr. Ashmun is wealthy. If you are not already retained by Mr. Gordon so closely as to prevent your aiding me, I think I can make it an object for you to be on our side."

"I think not."

"Why so?"

"I know no such person as you speak of. I have never even known that there was such a person as a younger Eve Ashmun."

"I do not think I mentioned any such person," said I, fixing my eyes on his face, which gave visible tokens of his chagrin at having overstepped his mark in naming the child.

"Ah—yes—I—thought you said the child's name was the same as the mother's. I have some recollection of Mr. Ashmun when he was a young man. But I know nothing of him or of the Gordons of late years. After the elopement of Henry Gordon's wife she was never heard of again by either her husband or brother."

"Never?"

"Never."

"Do you happen to know the present residence of Joseph Gordon?"

"No; I never heard of him after his removal from this place."

"I beg your pardon, but from your certainty that his sister was never heard of I gathered that you must have seen him from time to time."

The coolness of my intimation that I did not believe him staggered the man. I hastened to add, "Mr. Whitstone, we may as well understand each other. You know where Eve Ashmun is. If you will tell me I will pay you ten times your demand. If you will not, I must find her without your aid."

"Try it," sneered Whitstone, "and we will see whose arm is strongest: yours to find, or ours to conceal."

"So be it. But before I leave you let me give you a hint. I did not come here with any hope to secure your services. I wished only to know one fact; whether Eve Ashmun was alive or dead. You have not been keen enough to conceal that, and I am perfectly content with the result of this interview."

And with this result I was forced to be content. I returned to New York and communicated to Ashmun the success of my inquiries. It but aroused him to greater anxiety, and indeed to such insanity as made me anxious about the result; but six months of vain search calmed him again, and I forgot him, except when I occasionally called for an hour to talk with him, or when he rushed furiously into my office with some whim in his head that I had to talk out of it.

CHAPTER IV.

I have already intimated that this story is not strictly a professional story, but is one with which I became acquainted in the practice of the profession. It has already been seen how little active part I have taken in it, and indeed how little of the lawyer has appeared necessary in the history. A somewhat remarkable occurrence led me to a professional acquaintance with other actors in it, and to a final elucidation of the mystery which hung around the fate of Eve Ashmun.

A young man who had been a student in my office was assigned by the court to defend a man indicted for murder. It was a curious case. An old citizen had been knocked down in the street and robbed of valuable papers, and was found dying on the pavement. He lived only long enough to describe his assailant, and the next morning a man named Thompson was arrested by the police as fully answering the description of the murderer. Withal he had blood on his sleeves and a slung-shot in his pocket, and answered incoherently when questioned. The case was strong against him. The Grand Jury were in session, and he was indicted the day after he was arrested, and was arraigned the next day; and on his stating that he was a stranger, without friends or money, the court assigned counsel for him, and his plea being entered he was remanded. Within a few days he was supplied with funds, and directed the young man who was his counsel to retain other and older counsel, and to spare no expense in obtaining his acquittal. Preston came to me and begged me to forego the rule I had long ago adopted, not to have any thing to do with criminal practice. At his urgent desire I consented to aid him in the defense, and went with him to see the man.

Thompson was a broad-shouldered, brawny sailor, whose stout limbs would have made him a fearful antagonist in a fair fight, and on looking at him I repented that I had accepted his retainer. He had a bad face, a villainous face. But on conversing with him I became half satisfied of his innocence, and on learning that the murdered man's pocket-book was not taken, and that his stolen papers were returned in a few days through the post-office, I became convinced that Thompson could have had no concern in the crime. Beside all this he averred his perfect readiness for trial, and his ability to establish an *alibi* so clearly that there could be no doubt of his acquittal. We accordingly prepared for his trial immediately, and within four weeks after his arrest he was on trial.

I had an interview with his chief witness the night preceding the trial. I had some difficulty in obtaining sight of him, but it did not occur to me till afterward that he avoided me intentionally. When I did see him it was in Thompson's cell, and without light, except the dim light from the grating. In this gloom he struck me as a fit companion in countenance for my client. He was a tall, finely-formed man, dressed with considerable elegance, and was presented to me as Captain Jamison. He represented himself as an Englishman of wealth and family, who was in the city accidentally. Thompson was his servant and traveling valet, or factotum, a sort of American dragoman. The evening previous to his arrest, that is, the evening of the murder, he was on a boat on the North River coming from Albany, with Thompson in his company as usual. He did not reach New York till some six hours after the murder was committed. Another servant was prepared to corroborate his testimony, and would be in court at the trial. This seemed to be satisfactory, and we parted to meet in the court-room the next morning.

At ten that evening Ashmun came to my house.

I had not seen him for some weeks, and was surprised at his unusual animation.

"What's the news?"

"I am on the track at last."

"Ah! and how so?"

"I have been shot at to-night."

"And you think the next shot will speed you, and you give up the search in this world. Is that the idea?"

"Bah! no. Don't you understand? There is but one man in the world that would shoot me. He must be near. See! I kept the pistol ball. It is the only message I have had from Gordon in years. But I prize it. Do you know my life has been attempted once before?"

"I have heard nothing of it."

"I met, three nights ago, a man about my own size, who jostled against me on the pavement with a force that nearly drove me into the gutter. You have some experience of my way of behaving in such cases. It was very much that way our acquaintance began. I turned swiftly enough to catch the scoundrel's arm as he aimed a blow at my head with a short club. He howled as I twisted his arm in its socket. I don't think he will use it again in a hurry. Surprised, and in fact rendered useless by the twist I gave him, he took to his heels. I should have supposed the collision accidental, but when this pistol ball came into my library window last night I began to think Gordon was about, and I strongly suspect he designs my murder."

"For what possible motive can he do so?"

"Did you not tell Whitstone that I had made a will in Eve's favor?"

"I did."

"He will murder me and marry Eve, who is wholly in his power. Or, worse than that, he would destroy us both, and secure my fortune to himself by a will which he would get Eve to make. I can see through it all, in a dozen different points of view."

"I doubt it; it is too horrible."

"I tell you, Blackstone, I know my man. He is one of the vilest scoundrels that the world ever produced. Such men make me believe there is a hell."

"Well, you must go to-night. I have a murder case to-morrow, and I wish to be ready."

"A murder case? I will come and see you try it. Who knows how soon you may be defending some one for the murder of your friend Ashmun!"

"I will play the traitor and let him hang, if I dream there is the remotest possibility of his guilt of such a crime."

"Not so. Save him if you can, even though he be Gordon himself, and let him live for me to haunt him. If I could but be a ghost; if I could but get rid of this weight of flesh; if I could but be here, yonder, every where, with the speed of thought; if I could but— Blackstone, in pity hire some dog to kill me. I wish I were dead now. I will stand at my window to-night to be shot at. I will light the room, open the shutters, and—will that be suicide? I am sick, tired, weary of all this. Good-night! I am going. Good-night! If I could but find her!"

I saw that he was in one of his strange moods, and I dared not let him go home alone; so I made him sit down, and I strove to calm him.

"I know not why it is," said he, "that I have been so restless of late. I have been strongly impressed with the idea that my child is near me, and that I am soon to see her. Oh, my friend! could you but know the glory of that vision which haunts my memory! Could you but sleep my sleep and dream my dreams! Could you but see my dead wife in her magnificent beauty—but look into the unfathomable blessing of her eyes—but hear the music of her words of perfect affection—and know that all this was once yours, but may never be yours again—never! never!—you would know the terrible meaning of that word, 'never.' The world is full of mocking beauty. The sky weighs me down as if it were a load on my shoulders. The wind shrieks in my ears. The sunshine burns into my soul. For sky, air, and sunshine were once the joys of our young lives, and they are now witnesses of all the bitterness that curses me. But it is nearly over. This presentiment, if you so choose to call it, is so strong that I am not doubtful, but certain, that I shall find Eve soon. Do you think—do you think it may be in another world? I had not thought of that before. Who knows? Your idea may be right."

"My idea?"

"It was your suggestion when I came in."

I talked with him for an hour, and sent him home with a servant. He laughed at the caution, but I insisted, and he yielded.

The next day I was engaged in the trial of Thompson.

The case for the prosecution was made out without much difficulty. We cross-examined witnesses but little, trusting entirely to our proof of absence from the city, which was ample.

I had examined the first witness, who was the other servant of Captain Jamison, and whose testimony was clear and satisfactory. At the moment that we called Jamison to the stand, and while the clerk was administering the oath, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up saw Ashmun taking a chair behind me. He nodded, and I acknowledged his presence by a smile, when I was startled at the change in his countenance. He was staring over my shoulder toward the witnesses' seat, and his gaze became intense for an instant; then a smile of apparent exultation passed over his face, and he leaned over to me and whispered:

"You have him at last."

"Whom?"

"Gordon."

"Where?"

"That man on the stand."

"Gordon! Impossible! It is Captain Jamison."

"Ah! his mother's name. Blackstone, I can't be mistaken; that man is Joseph Gordon."

Like a thunder-stroke came over me the idea that this might be true. It explained the whole mystery of the murder. The victim was mistaken for Ashmun. It was in his street, near his house, that the murder was committed. This *alibi* was trumped up to clear him. It was well managed, too. No wonder he had hesitated to meet me before. No wonder I had never seen his face till this moment. That scar on his cheek was a mark in his youth. I remembered it myself twenty years ago. All this flashed through my mind in the instant while I turned from Ashmun to the witness, and as the judge said "Proceed, gentlemen," I can not define the impulse which induced me to abandon the case before me and demand of the witness in a tone which startled him and the whole court-room,

"Your name is Joseph Gordon?"

"Henry Jamison," said the clerk of the court, but not soon enough to check the fury that gleamed from the eyes of the witness. I recovered my composure, whispered to Ashmun to leave the court-room and wait for me at my office, and then proceeded with the examination. I never recollected precisely how the trial ended. I was never so much embarrassed, for while I was defending the prisoner the conviction was growing on me that he was guilty. The judge spared me the trouble of attending to the case. Before the witness had answered ten questions the court intimated to the district-attorney that he would do well to abandon any idea of conviction, and the verdict of not guilty was recorded without the necessity of the jury retiring.

While I was gathering my papers together the prisoner and Captain Jamison disappeared. An officer handed me a sealed envelope. It contained a large counsel fee, but I never saw my client again.

I hastened to my office to meet Ashmun, but he was not there. I remained till the evening, but did not see him, and called at his house on my way home. He was out. The next day I heard from his servant, who called at my office, that he had left word for me that he should be out of town some days, and I need not give myself any concern about his business. I understood the vague message, and waited patiently for news of his success. I next heard from him in a singular place. The following is a copy of his brief note:

"—— County Jail, *December 8, 18—.*

"Come up here and see me. Yours,

"Ashmun."

I obeyed the summons with as much speed as might be.

LITTLE WHITE-THORN.

A Breton Legend.

In those beautiful old times when wrong never prevailed long over right, when the good prospered, and the wicked were confounded—that is to say, in the times before the world was turned upside down, there lived in Finisterre a pious widow, who had an only daughter, a child of thirteen, with hair like spun silk, and blue eyes, and a face so delicate and white in its transparency that the country people called her little White-thorn. The widow's father was a large farmer owning land of his own, and feeding on the moors large flocks of sheep, and pasturing in the water-meadows numerous cattle. A sparkling brook that slid down the purple moor-sides was conducted by him to a mill he had built in a depression on the fell slope, among some green ash-trees and flowering elders, and there the stream rushed foaming over the big water-wheel, looking, from a distance, in the sun, like a large wavering white tuft of cotton-grass. He had also built a bake-house, where his wheat-flour was made into delicious white cakes, and his barley-loaves were baked brown, and where, also, his great buckwheat pancakes were prepared for the laborers who tilled his soil.

Alas! even in those good old times, before the world was turned upside down, people died. The farmer fell ill, deceased, and his property was divided among his children. He had three sons; his only daughter was the widow, the mother of White-thorn. The eldest took the house, the land, and the milch kine; the second took the mill and the horses; and the third took the bake-house and the sheep. Nothing remained to the widow Elizabeth except an old hovel on the moors, far away from the village, where, occasionally, in bad weather, the shepherd had been wont to take shelter. When the poor woman bewailed the injustice of her brothers, the eldest said to her:

"Now, Elizabeth, I will prove to you how full of affection I am. A dear, good sister you have always been to me, and when I was ill in fever, you nursed me with the utmost care; therefore, I will now make you a handsome present. I have an old black cow, which yields scarcely a cupful of milk; you are welcome to it. Let White-thorn put a halter round its neck, and lead it to your hovel."

So Elizabeth took a stick and beat the cow behind, and White-thorn pulled the halter in front; and thus, after much trouble, the old black cow was brought to the hut on the moors, which was all that belonged to the widow. Every day little White-thorn took the cow out of its stable and pastured it on the moors; there was little food for it there except young gorse tops, and fern shoots, and the thin gray grass that sprouted about the marshy spots. While the cow snuffed after herbage, the girl picked flowers—little deep blue gentians, marsh marigolds, the delicate wavering tufts of cotton-grass, the sparkling sun-dew, and the turquoise-blue forget-me-not; and these she made into nosegays, which she brought to her mother at sundown, to adorn the cottage table.

One day, as White-thorn was making a chaplet of daisies, she noticed a beautiful bird perched on a whin-bush, singing sweetly. The little creature turned its brilliant eyes on the child and twittered to her, exactly as if it were speaking. "What do you wish to say?" asked White-thorn, leaning toward it. The bird fluttered its wings, hopped nearer to her, turned its head on one side, and began to prattle once more. "I can not understand you," said the girl, with a sigh. Then the bird jumped on her shoulder, and chirped louder. "It is all in vain," said White-thorn. "You must speak Breton if you would make me comprehend." But, as the little bird could not do this, it spread its wings, smote the air with them, once, twice, thrice, and was gone.

The sun had now set; White-thorn looked round. In the still, green sky hung the silver speck of the evening-star, like a gem dropped on a sunlit lawn. And there, flying in the soft air, was the bird, like a tiny dark spot, becoming smaller and smaller, till it had quite disappeared. And all that while the star became brighter and brighter, till it burned like a lamp of fire. Now White-thorn called the black cow. She could not see the dear animal any where. She ran hither and thither, but perceived no traces of it; and the darkness fell, and she would have lost her way had not she heard her mother's voice calling loudly, "White-thorn, White-thorn!" "Here am I, mother. But where is the cow?" "The cow is here, my child." White-thorn hastened to her mother, and found the old woman standing by the mangled remains of the black cow. The wolves had fallen on it and devoured it, leaving only the bones, the horns, and the black tail, with the black tuft of hair at its extremity. White-thorn uttered a cry of sorrow, and flung herself on the grass beside the bones of the cow. "Do not lament over a beast as over a Christian," said the widow. "Come within, White-thorn, we will have our supper, and then go to bed."

The little girl was hardly able to sleep all night; her heart ached for the cow, and as soon as the sun rose she started from her bed, and ran forth in her white night-dress, with bare feet and arms, upon the moor. The morning light glistened in the gossamer that was flung over the gorse bushes, and the long spider-threads, strung with dew, were like rosaries of diamonds which the sun told, winking and flashing in each. And there, perched on a bush of yellow broom, was the sweet bird who had sung to White-thorn the day before. The girl ran toward it, and, kneeling beside the broom, listened attentively to its twittering. The little creature seemed to speak earnestly to her, but not a word could she understand. Then, heedlessly, she put her naked foot on a celandine that lay like a cup of gold in the grass. Now, be it known to all good children, that whoever touches that flower with bare feet, and with conscience undefiled, acquires the knowledge of the languages of birds, beasts, and fishes. The soul of White-thorn was transparent, and unstained as a mountain burn; so, no sooner had she touched the little golden blossom, than, all at once, what the bird said became intelligible to her.

"White-thorn, dear White-thorn," were its words, "I love you well, so listen to what I say."

"Who are you?" asked the child, astonished at her newly-acquired power.

"I am Robin Redbreast," answered the bird. "And I have the power of every year making one good, poor child happy. This time I shall do this for you."

"Oh you darling Robin!" exclaimed White-thorn. "Then I shall have a little silver cross on my breast, and a new pair of wooden shoes, so that I need not run about barefoot any longer."

"You shall have a golden cross and satin shoes, like a great lady," said Robin Redbreast.

"How so, my dearest birdie?"

"Follow me and you shall see."

Little White-thorn jumped up. Robin smote the air with his wings, once, twice, thrice, and was away, flying over the glistening fragrant moor, toward the sea. And every now and then it perched on a gorse tuft or a shrub of white heath, and chirped loudly, Follow me. The child followed gladly, and the bird led her down the moor-side among gray lichened granite rocks, then over a buckwheat field, where the tiny whitish pink pin-points of flowers were sipping the dew that dripped from their leaves, then out on the yellow sand strewn with shepherd's purses and kelp. In the bay were seven little holms, usually surrounded by laughing blue water, but now the tide was out, and a strip of oozy sand led to them. Robin Redbreast stayed his flight, and said:

"Do you see any thing on the beach?"

"Yes! I see a pair of wooden shoes brightly polished, shoes that have not yet been browned at the fire, and a staff of holly that has not yet been lopped of its leaves and berries."

"Put on the shoes and take the staff."

"I have done so."

"Now, walk along the sands to the first of the seven isles, go round it till you reach a cliff before which rank sea-rushes grow."

"And what then?"

"Pluck the rushes and twist them into a rope."

"What next?"

"Then strike the rock thrice with your staff, and a cow will issue from it, lay the rush-rope round its neck, and lead it home to your mother."

White-thorn followed these directions implicitly. She walked lightly in her wooden shoes over the treacherous sand, she wove her rope of rushes, struck the rock, and from it came forth a cow, with a skin as soft as that of a mole, with eyes gentle as those of a spaniel, and with a beautiful white full udder. White-thorn threw the halter round its neck, and led the beast home to her mother, who was overjoyed to see it. But how was her wonder increased when she began to milk little Sea-cow, as White-thorn called her. The milk spirted between her fingers and flowed without cessation, like water from one of the moor springs. Elizabeth filled all the pails, then all the pots, jugs, kettles, and mugs, with milk, and still the stream flowed. "Run, run, White-thorn, to your uncle Joseph, and borrow a couple of pails," cried the widow. And the child skipped over the heather to the farm, and told the farmer the wonder.

The news soon spread, and half the village came to see. Every one brought a pail or a pitcher. They found Elizabeth seated by the cow, in a great pool of milk, which poured from the sea-beast, flowed in a white rill over the threshold, and was lost in the moor sand outside. Never was more delicious milk tasted, never was richer cream seen. Joseph gazed in astonishment; he tasted the milk, smacked his lips, tasted again, shook his head, and then said:

"Dear sister, you know how I have always loved you. You have, I am certain, a true sisterly affection for me, and you will not refuse me the cow when I ask you for it, and offer instead all my cows."

Elizabeth replied: "Sea-cow is priceless. How could I give her to you for your cattle? She is worth more than all the cows in the village."

"Well, then, dearest sister, I will give you my farm and farm-house, the stables, the carts, and horses."

Then Elizabeth yielded. She took the key of the house, she cut a turf in the fields, drank out of the well, lit a fire on the hearth, and cut a handful of hair out of the horses' tails, as evidence that all these now belonged to her. Then she gave the Sea-cow to her brother, and he went away with the beast to a large town, where the demand for milk would be as inexhaustible as was the supply. But poor White-thorn cried, for she loved her Sea-cow dearly; and all day long her cheeks were wet with tears. At evening she went into the stable to see if all the cattle were supplied with hay, and then she sobbed aloud. "Oh, why is not dear Sea-cow here?" she wailed. Immediately she heard a lowing behind her, and, on looking round, saw her Sea-cow returned. After the first transports of delight were over she asked, stroking the creature's soft hide:

"Who has brought you back to me, pretty pet?"

"I have returned of my own accord. I could not live with your uncle, who is a wicked and avaricious man."

"Alas! my mother will have to give up the house and farm, now that you have come back."

"Not so," replied the cow. "For your grandfather had left all to your mother, but the brothers destroyed the will, and robbed your mother of what is rightfully hers."

"But you will be recognized, my pretty darling."

"Not if you will do what I bid you. Pluck three clover leaves and bring them to me."

White-thorn obeyed; and, while the cow munched the green leaves, she called, as bidden, Robin Redbreast, three times. Now, the third time she called, all at once the cow was changed into a beautiful horse, to White-thorn's great delight.

"You will certainly not be recognized now," said she; "and I shall henceforth call you Sea-horse."

The widow was rejoiced when she heard what had taken place. Next day she brought the horse out to lade it with corn for the market. Imagine her astonishment when she saw the back of the horse lengthen to accommodate as many sacks as she deemed fit to send to market; so that Sea-horse alone could carry more corn than all the other horses in the village. This was soon known to the second brother, Phillips, who came, examined it, and bid for it his mill, his horses, and all the pigs he fed. The widow accepted the offer; the mill became hers, and the Sea-horse was transferred to brother Phillips, who left the place with the horse to go to a town where the amount to be carried would be equal to the capacity of the horse for bearing. But White-thorn was sad at heart, and at night, when she went to the stable, she sobbed, and said: "Oh, dear Sea-horse, why are you not here?" Then she heard a neigh behind her, and, looking round, she saw that Sea-horse had returned.

"I could not remain with your wicked uncle," said the animal; "so I have returned to you. Now fetch me three clover leaves, and while I am eating them call thrice on Robin Redbreast."

White-thorn obeyed implicitly, and the Sea-horse was suddenly transformed into a beautiful sheep, with long fleece as white as wool and as fine as silk.

"You dear creature," exclaimed White-thorn. "I shall call you Sea-sheep."

The widow came in next morning to see the wonder, and, as she gazed on the sheep, she said: "Run, daughter, and fetch me the shears, for the poor creature is so encumbered with its wool that it can scarcely move."

Well, the Sea-sheep was shorn, and, as fast as the wool was cut off, fresh wool grew; and it became evident to Elizabeth that Sea-sheep was worth all the sheep on the moors around. The third brother, Kaspar, soon heard of this, and he hastened to the farm, where he examined the wool with surprise.

"I must have this sheep," said he. "Sister, I will give you the bake-house, and my sheep and oxen, in exchange for this creature."

The widow agreed to the bargain, and the man drove Sea-sheep away. But his road lay along the cliffs, over the frothing, tossing blue sea, and, as he came out of the lanes above the water, the sheep suddenly leaped off the headland into the sea and swam to the Seven Isles, and vanished at the rock where grow the dark green rushes, which opened to receive it and closed behind it. In the evening, White-thorn waited in vain in the sheep-fold for her beautiful pet; but the night passed, and it returned no more. Then she went, sad at heart, over the heather. On a holly-bush sat perched Robin Redbreast, and the bird said to her:

"Dear White-thorn, you must not expect to see Sea-sheep again, she has gone forever. Your uncles are punished for their avarice and injustice. You have now enough to live upon, so be content. Buy yourself a golden cross to hang on your bosom, and satin shoes, and—forget not the poor."

With these words, Robin fluttered his wings. He beat the air once, twice, thrice, and darted up high into the clear blue sky, and little White-thorn saw him no more.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE latest reports from various sections of the country give indications of a very satisfactory harvest. In most of the States the wheat and corn crops are unusually large; hay is plentiful, hops abundant, and potatoes doing ordinarily well. The cotton crop varies a good deal in different sections; in Louisiana the yield will be large, notwithstanding the rains have caused some damage and the cotton worm appeared; in West Florida cotton will be a failure, and reports from Alabama are unfavorable; in Georgia and Mississippi, however, the prospects are encouraging. In South Carolina the cotton looks well, the corn crop is excellent, fruits are abundant, and the farmers are jubilant. In Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, and some other States, fruit has been plentiful and of fine quality; but in general the crop of peaches and apples will be light, according to present indications.

In England and Scotland the harvests were unusually early, and the season very propitious for wheat; but the drought has been very severe, and plenty of wheat and hops will not compensate farmers for the total or partial loss of many other valuable crops. Still, if late rains fall pasture grass will grow rapidly, and some late crops be secured, which will mitigate the evil of a short supply of stock food. A correspondent of the London *Times* contrasts the years 1867 and 1868, as follows:

"Last year had no summer; this year, during the summer months, the heat has been almost unparalleled. Of the cereal crops last year wheat was the only deficient crop; this year wheat is the only abundant crop. Last year the failure of a turnip crop was the exception; this year it is the rule. Last year the abundant supply of natural fattening green foods warranted the prediction of lower prices of beef and mutton, which was realized; while this year, from the unusually short supply of such foods, and from the enormous cost of fattening sheep or cattle, the prices of beef or mutton will probably range higher in the ensuing spring than at present."

A great deal has been said from time to time about the adulteration of the milk sold in our city. There is no doubt that watered milk is sold by minor dealers, and that milk is sometimes spoiled by being brought to market before the animal heat has been properly eliminated; there is also some need for caution against what is known as "swill-fed" milk. Yet investigation proves that, on the whole, New York is well supplied with rich, pure milk. It would be useful to have a special inspector of an article so largely consumed by our citizens; but large and responsible dealers apparently conduct their business in an honest and honorable manner. It is a good test of the quality of milk to ascertain how much cream will rise on it when allowed to stand. Some firms sell great quantities of cream; and as cheese is said to be made from the skimmed milk, we are not to suppose that any cream is surreptitiously removed from what we buy as "*pure milk!*" Not less than 25,000,000 gallons of milk are consumed by New York city every year.

In hot and sultry weather ice, which we have come to regard as rather a necessity than a luxury of life, is often difficult to be preserved, even in refrigerators. This is undoubtedly in great measure owing to want of care, or want of knowledge. Not only should the ice be surrounded by the most perfect non-conductors of heat, but the water produced by melting must be instantly carried off from the ice. An English writer on the subject says that, "Ice has two 'natural enemies,' warm air and water, but the latter is by far the more deadly. Water at 40° will melt ice with ten times the rapidity of air at 80°." A moderate-sized block of ice can be preserved a very long time by wrapping it carefully in dry flannel, and placing it on a grating so that no water can accumulate underneath. When the flannel becomes wet it should be replaced by another dry piece. If housekeepers would give a little personal attention to the matter, instead of leaving the care to servants who do not understand the science of non-conductors, there would be little difficulty in having ice for breakfast, even if the "ice-man" does not come "in season."

In the volcanic region of the south of France, at Mont d'Or, in Auvergne, are baths which are curious alike for their age and for the peculiarity of the water. On entering "Les Bains" a cavern is seen hollowed in the solid rock, in a dark corner of which is a small, covered aperture. The cover being removed from this a puff of steam arises from the hot spring below. The sides of the cavern are hollowed, and benches placed around it. The patient on beginning a course of baths extends himself on the highest bench; he descends gradually every quarter of an hour until the hot steam becomes insupportable; he then is wrapped in a blanket and conducted to a room where a coffin-like bath of rough stone, filled with a mud-colored fluid, awaits him. Although of uninviting appearance, this bath is most pleasant, the skin becoming softened, white, and childlike; the water itself feels like liquid velvet, so soft and creamy to the touch. No one is permitted to take a vapor at Mont d'Or without a doctor's orders to do so. Two eminent medical men attend Les Bains the entire season, which is from June to October.

Religious services in the open air are becoming frequent in this and other cities. In Boston preaching on the Common is listened to with attention by large audiences.

At West Rutland, Vermont, there are ten different marble quarries in successful operation, while on the western edge of the valley three others are in process of development. The whole thickness of the marble in these quarries is nearly fifty feet, and it is so stratified as to be easily worked in separate layers, ranging from two to six feet in thickness. There is a great variety, both in color and quality of marble, from the purest white to the coarsest colored rock, the best often lying in close proximity to the poorest. One layer of marble may rest between two of limestone, and all so strangely intermingled that from the poorest there may be some beautifully variegated marble produced.

A curious suit has been brought for divorce in St. Louis. The wife, in presenting her petition to the court, declares that her husband is a monomaniac on the subject of shooting; that he frequently points a loaded pistol at her, sleeps with a pistol under his head, and says he will "unload the pistol by putting a load into her." She desires to be legally relieved from loaded pistols.

A singular accident occurred at the execution of the murderers of Prince Michael in Servia. A musket-ball rebounded from the post to which one of the criminals was attached and struck the forehead of the officer who was in command of the executing party. He was killed on the spot.

The following story is said to be one which Mr. Dickens picked up in his late visit to this country. A man in America knew every body. Name what celebrity you could, Palmerston, Guizot, Arago, Landseer, Livingstone, Mario—no matter. "Oh yes, I knew him very well indeed." At last a provoked cynic asked, "Did you happen to know the Siamese Twins?" The omniscient but conscientious speaker at once replied, "Well, one of them I knew exceedingly well, but I am not quite sure whether I ever happened to meet the other."

A thrilling accident occurred at Niagara Falls a short time ago. A little girl while getting upon the railing of the bridge leading from the main land to Goat Island lost her balance and fell into the rapids. Instantly a young man named Moulton plunged in to rescue the child. Grasping the little one and keeping her head above water both were swept on toward the precipice, [illegible] destruction seemed inevitable. But Moulton, being an expert swimmer, struggled manfully with the rushing torrent and succeeded in reaching the shore only about fifteen feet from the brink of the cataract. The young man risked his life more nobly than those who venture into danger merely for notoriety.

The Wesleyan Methodists held their annual Camp Meeting at Martha's Vineyard last week. They first assembled there in 1835, and with the exception of a short interval, have met there every year since. In 1867 the daily attendance was about 10,000; this year it was estimated to be larger. The camp grounds are owned by an association of prominent Methodists; there are one hundred and fifty acres in all, though not quite twenty-five are occupied at present. There are about two hundred wooden cottages on the grounds, which may be hired with the consent of the officers of the association; and during the meetings tents are of course thickly sprinkled among the oak-trees. Stringent regulations for maintaining order are enforced; no dirt or disorder appears any where, and card-playing and liquor-selling are forbidden at all times.

Tomatoes, whether eaten raw or cooked, are most healthful and highly nutritious. The tomato season ends with the frost; but if the vines are pulled up before frost comes, and hung in a well-ventilated cellar with the tomatoes upon them, it is said they will continue to ripen for some weeks.

The Swiss have begun to make practical use of the glaciers. Near Martigny small cubes of crystal clearness are cut from the ice, packed in boxes, and sent off in fast trains to the large cities of France, where they arrive with little waste.

A pretty good story is told of a Western man, who, stopping in Boston for a day, bought a cigar after dinner, and sauntered out for a walk. Soon a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and notified him that he had incurred a fine of two dollars for smoking in the street. The stranger broke a V, and paid the penalty. Shortly after a child who wanted a "penny" to buy a loaf of bread, and hadn't had any breakfast or dinner, moved his Western generosity, and he bestowed a remnant of gingerbread upon the hungry one. Thereupon a second officer approached and informed him that he had violated another ordinance of the city, with a $2 fine. The hoosier handed out the $3 bill. The officer presented him the change. He shook his head: "Keep the whole—I shall want to whistle presently."

The recent fires in the Canadian forests have caused losses which are estimated at several millions of dollars. A large lumbering district at Bisset's Creek, containing fifteen or sixteen buildings, has been completely destroyed. Many other sections have been overrun by the devouring element.

In San Francisco fruit-shops are scattered, or rather congregated, in the greatest profusion throughout the city. It has been said that Californians eat fruit as if they lived on nothing else, and yet they eat every thing else as if they had never touched fruit. A recent writer, speaking rather disparagingly of the San Francisco fruit-market at the present time, remarks: "'Fruits is out;' we having only oranges, bananas, pine-apples, pears, apples, and strawberries. In a few weeks we shall have some variety, and in September and October, and even away into November, the varieties are so great, and the specimens so excellent, that even the Californian with his immense power of fruit consumption is absolutely in despair what to select, and very often how to get through with what he has selected."

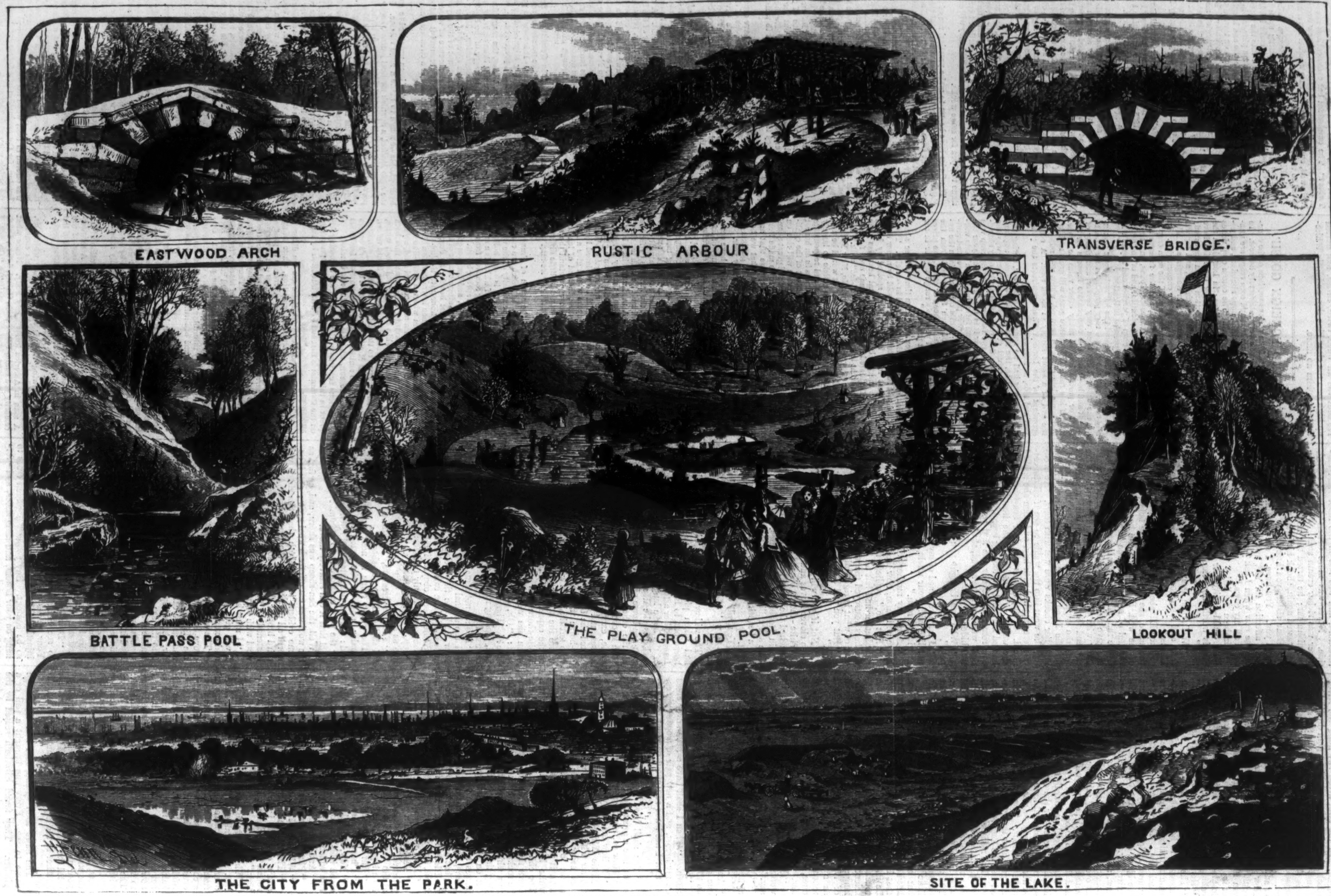
There recently died at Wesel, in Germany, a man by the name of Rentz, who was the possessor, while living, of a beard eleven feet long. It is now in possession of the Museum, he having stipulated in his will that it should be taken off and preserved.

In the vicinity of Wexham, Wales, the magnificent spectacle of a mountain on fire has been recently witnessed. Vrondeg, near which is a spur of the Eglwyseg Mountain, is the scene of conflagration. Every effort has been made to prevent the spread of the fire, an extremely difficult task on account of the dryness of the turf and the almost total absence of water in the neighborhood. At the last accounts it had extended over a surface embraced in a circumference of about nine miles.

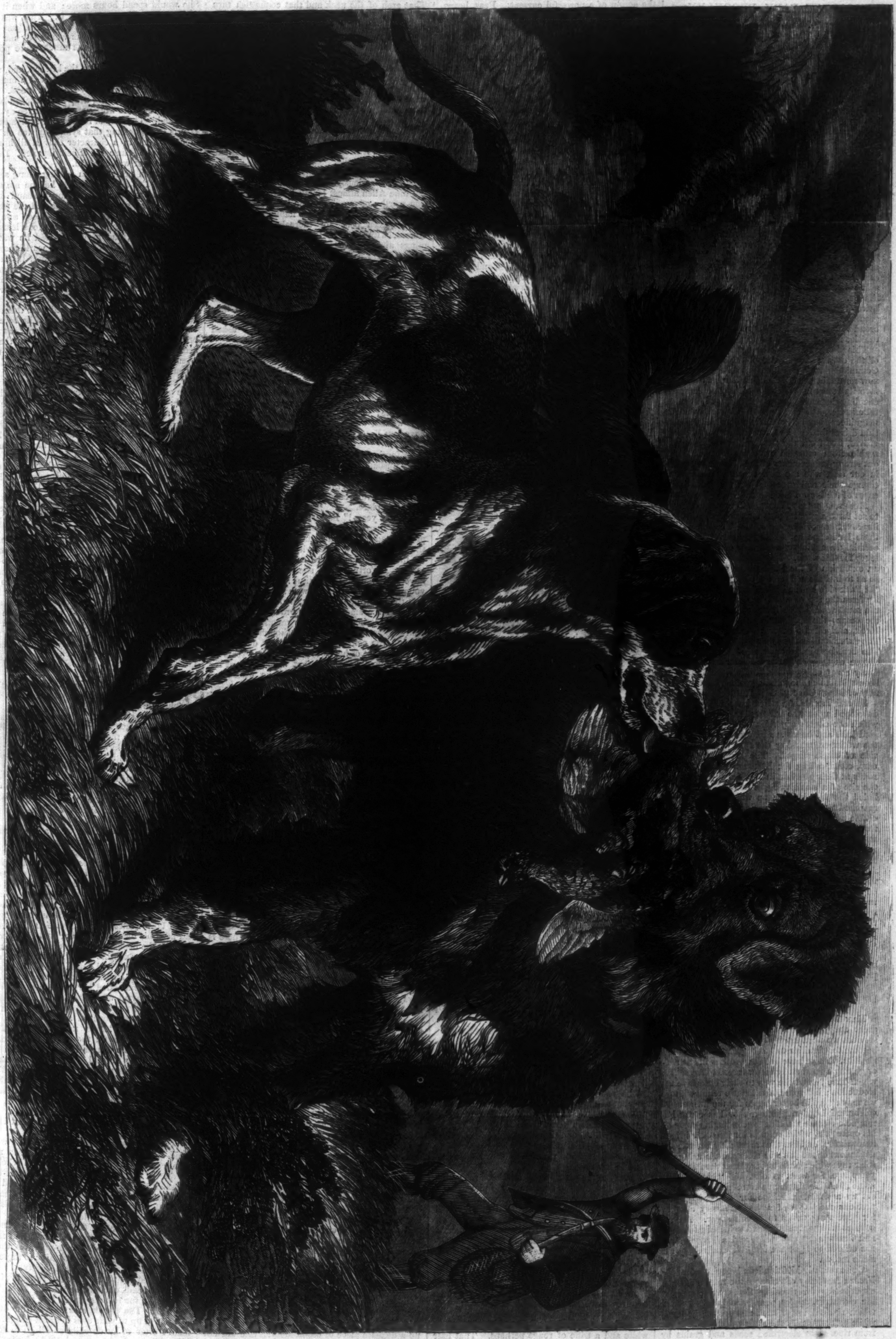
Innumerable remedies have been proposed to cure hydrophobia—enough to make a huge volume. But the *Siglo Medical*, a Spanish medical journal, suggests a preventive to this dreadful disorder. Whether the preventive would not be almost as bad as the disease, may be a question—at least, it is an exceedingly disagreeable one. This is the general idea: For a long time past the peasants of Galicia have entertained the idea that dogs bitten by vipers, which are very common in that province, are not liable to contract hydrophobia after recovering from the bite of the reptile. This belief has induced them to endeavor to protect their dogs from the danger of *rabies canina* by having them bitten by vipers while young. A Spanish physician has instituted experiments with a view to test the efficacy of this preservative by causing a number of young dogs to be stung by vipers, and, after recovery, to be subjected to the bite of mad dogs. The result was, that in every case they were found to be insensible to the virus of hydrophobia, no matter how often or at what period of their life they were subjected to the ordeal. If dogs are prevented from contracting hydrophobia, men are indirectly protected from being attacked with it; so, perhaps, it will not be considered necessary that every body should be inoculated with viper virus!

They have some curious specimens in Boston. A man lately applied for a marriage license, and on being asked the name of the lady, said he didn't know; that two girls had agreed to have him, but he hadn't yet concluded which he would have. He proposed to buy a license with his name inserted, and when he came to a conclusion would fill up the blank with the other name. He seemed somewhat disappointed when informed that such a style of doing business was not customary in Boston.

The largest dog in the world, according to report, was one raised in Pennsylvania from the Siberian blood-hound stock. This dog, when but a year old, had attained the length of seven feet nine inches, was thirty-six and a half inches high, and weighed two hundred pounds. A challenge of a thousand guineas was offered in 1862, when his owner exhibited him in London, for the production of a larger specimen, but the article was not forthcoming.


EASTWOOD ARCH
RUSTIC ARBOUR
TRANSVERSE BRIDGE.
BATTLE PASS POOL
THE PLAY GROUND POOL
LOOKOUT HILL
THE CITY FROM THE PARK.
SITE OF THE LAKE.

PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY H. FENN.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



THE FIRST BIRD OF THE SEASON.

PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

THE Commissioners of this Park begun their work in 1861. The grounds were surveyed, but that year proved unfavorable to carrying forward the necessary improvements. The breaking out of the war had paralyzed commerce and checked industry. Almost all that was done beyond surveys was the thorough organization of the Board of Commissioners, and the appointment of a watchman to protect the trees and shrubbery from depredation.

The lands embraced in the Park as first laid out extended over a space of nearly 320 acres, costing $1,357,606. Three-fourths of this sum had been paid in 1864. "The grand features of the plan," says the Sixth Annual Report of the Commissioners (for 1865), "are simple and easily comprehended; but the Commissioners wish to direct attention particularly to three regions of distinct character embodied in it, in each of which, it will be observed, the suggestions of the natural condition of the land are proposed to be developed. They are, first, a region of open meadow, with large trees standing singly and in groups; second, a hilly district, with groves and shrubbery; and third, a lake district, containing a fine sheet of water, with picturesque shores and islands. These being the landscape characteristics, the first gives room for extensive play-grounds; the second offers shaded rambles and broad views; and the third presents good opportunities for skating and rowing."

This plan involved a considerable enlargement of the original boundaries of the Park. "The Commissioners," continues the Report, "have now no doubt that the Park will soon become a favorite resort for all classes of our community, enabling thousands to enjoy pure air, with healthful exercise, at all seasons of the year; while its magnificent bay and ocean views, with the beautiful drives through its broad meadows and shady groves, free from the dust and confusion inseparable from crowded thoroughfares, will hold out strong inducements to the affluent to remain in our city, who are now too often induced to change their residences by the seductive influences of the New York Park."

Messrs. OLMSTED, VAUX, & Co. were employed to set forth a general plan for the laying out and improvement of the grounds. The success of these landscape architects in Central Park was certainly a sufficient assurance of their competency for this work. These artists recommended an extension of the Park to the south and west so as to include a broad plain, "overlooked on the Park side by the highest ground in the vicinity from the top of which there is a prospect to the southward, which includes a large sweep of the ocean, the Highlands of Navesink, Sandy Hook, and all the outer harbor of New York." The extension involved an addition of 250 acres. The broad plain, already alluded to, has been chosen as the site for the formation of a lake. Forty acres of ground adjoining the Park has been selected as the parade-ground for the military of Kings County.

Several interesting relics have recently been developed upon the Revolutionary battle-field which constitutes a portion of the Park. Mingled balls and bones are frequently turned up by the workmen, marking the spot where once the tide of battle surged. The little bluff on the east, commanding the Flatbush and Old Port roads at their junction in the Valley Grove, was the site of a small two-gun battery, which enfiladed the former road, up which the Hessians marched to assault Sullivan's lines on the memorable morning of the 27th of August, 1776, and from which they more than once recoiled in dismay. A few rods in front of this battery, and almost in the centre of the Flatbush road, stood the Dongan Oak—a famous landmark—which was felled on that morning to obstruct the passage of the enemy between the hills. This location will be easily recognized as the road-way immediately in front of the old Valley Grove Tavern, leading southerly into Flatbush. The battle-pass, with the site of the redoubt, will be carefully preserved and distinctly marked for the veneration of future generations.

The improvements are rapidly progressing, and the Park has already been opened to the public.

ELECTRICAL NOVELTIES.

MAN has lately entrapped electricity into a great many curious functions. Of its public services we need hardly speak: telegraphs have become too familiar to be longer regarded as curiosities. There have been difficulties in the way of getting a good and cheap source of electricity, which have barred the way to their extensive introduction; but some of these are removed, and we may entertain better hopes for the future. A celebrated London photographer has erected a magneto-electric machine for conducting some of his operations which require an intensely bright illumination, and has thus apparently become independent of the sun: in reality, he is using the solar rays which came to our planet thousands of years ago, for what is coal but "bottled sunshine?" A Birmingham electro-plating firm also set up a similar machine for depositing their precious metals; and a sugar refinery another for generating ozone to bleach sugar. An ingenious inventor has proposed to illuminate buoys and beacons by electricity, and a French firm has offered to light the English channel by the same means.

Quite recently M. Blondeau brought before the French Academy of Sciences the results of some experiments for ripening fruits by electricity. He electrified apples, pears, and peaches, all of which ripened under the influence of the fluid, while other fruit on the same trees remained far from ripe. He electrified seeds and grains by steeping them in water and submitting them to the action of a powerful current. Peas, beans, and wheat were so treated and sown in good soil. By the side of them were sown similar seeds not electrified. The former sprouted sooner than the latter, developed more rapidly, and were more vigorous. Most mysterious of all, some electrified beans grew upside down, the roots in the air and the stem in the soil.

The most curious application of the electric light was that attempted lately at one of the Paris theatres. The actors were decked with glittering crowns, and, to add to their brilliancy, they were so made that a chaplet of electric sparks encircled the wearer's head, the necessary current being supplied and led to the coronet from a concealed battery. But the "sensation," pleasing enough doubtless to spectators, painfully verified the truth of the Shakspearian maxim touching the uneasiness of the head that wears a crown, for one of the performers was grievously injured by the passage of the current through his or her head instead of through the star-spangled ornament. Not quite so striking, but still curious, are the electrical jewels made by MM. Trouvé and Cadet-Picard. These consist chiefly of scarf-pins and brooches, representing heads of men and animals which roll their eyes and work their jaws. Some are in the shape of tiny soldiers which beat drums, rabbits that play on tambours, and birds that flap their wings and fan their tails. They are worked by tiny electro-magnets concealed within them, and connected by fine wires with little batteries carried in the pocket or elsewhere about the dress.

PARTED ONCE.

So we two clasp hands once more, Jamie,
  Though our youth long since has passed;
And none are by to sever us now—
  Do you mind when we parted last?
Do you mind the tears we shed, Jamie,
  The tender embrace that clung?
We can look back now with a pity strange
  On the grief when we were young.

But the burnie that trickled then, Jamie,
  Has grown to a river deep,
And none can bridge o'er the wide, dark gulf
  Where the hopes of childhood sleep.
The pale ghosts stand on the shore, Jamie,
  And wail o'er what might have been,
But the world and its waves of greed and care
  Too long have rolled between.

They said we were idle bairns, Jamie—
  Too young to meet toil and pain:
Do you think, in the City of Heaven, we two
  Shall be children once again?
And should we have been worse off, Jamie
  Had we risked that toil and care,
And learned high lessons of love and faith,
  And helped each other to bear?

There is gold on this withered breast, Jamie,
  And gems in this thin, gray hair:
But, oh! for the gowans you plucked me then,
  In my tangled locks to wear!
You have lands in the far-off East, Jamie,
  And ships on the treacherous sea:
Ah! who can restore the treasures of youth,
  And love to you—or to me?

A GOOD PAYMASTER.

THE place was a farm-house, low roofed, elm shaded, vine bedecked, and neatly painted. The time was nine o'clock on a June morning, according to the nine strokes of the old-fashioned eight-day clock that stood in one corner of the low-ceiled kitchen where good Dame Allen turned masses of golden butter over and over in the whitest of wooden trays.

"Five minutes after nine," Essie Hicks said, referring to a tiny Geneva watch.

"You are fast," commented a young man, resting for a moment on the well curb, and turning a pair of honest brown eyes on the young lady who hung over the lower half of the old-fashioned door.

The girl glanced up quickly. "Fast?" she echoed, with a twinkle of soft, blue eyes. "Oh no! I never talk slang, I never bet, I drink no wine; when I ride a horse I do it with fear and trembling; there isn't a particle of Di Vernon about me."

"I referred to your watch, Miss Hicks," said the young man, gravely.

"To be sure!" exclaimed the young lady, as if the idea had just occurred to her. "But perhaps you are slow." She ran her eye over the young man with a glance that took in the gravity of his sun-burnt face and the lack of style in his garments.

The young man's face flushed to a crimson hue, but he replied quietly as if he did not comprehend the personality of her allusion.

"I have taken great pains in regulating the clock. It is a good time-keeper."

"I suppose it regulates the rising and setting of the sun," said the young lady with a little sarcasm in her tone.

"Only my mother's son," answered the young man, unheeding the sarcasm. He picked up a plow-share and moved away, setting the example to a heavy, dull-eyed workman who followed him to the fields.

Essie Hicks looked after the young farmer.

"Terribly self-opinionated!" she said to herself, but she took the key from her chatelaine and turned back her watch five minutes.

Observe the girl returning to her old leaning attitude over the low door. It is not a face and form often seen in farm-houses. It would be more in place at Saratoga, or Newport, or Nahant. That complexion hints of furnace-heated rooms in winter and sea-fogs in summer, of lily white and a trifle of rouge perhaps. That hair learned its habit of frizzing from a hair-dresser. That arch of the neck and that coquettish turn of the head were never learned out of society, and the white Marseilles dress, fitting so exquisitely the small graceful form, is the work of no country *modiste*. Mark the whiteness of the small hands toying with her chatelaine! Note the delicacy of the slippered foot that pats impatiently the hard, bare floor! Observe, most of all, the weariness of the face that is turned toward Dame Allen now, and watches so intently the moulding of the rolls of golden butter!

"Is it for sale?" she asked, as Dame Allen patted the last roll almost tenderly and dented it deeply with her ladle.

"Most of it is to sell," answered Dame Allen, with a pleased smile.

"How much is butter a pound?" inquired the young girl, seriously.

Dame Allen almost laughed. It was a question worthy of a woman who had been brought up to careful and industrious habits.

"Eighteen pence or thereabouts," she answered, with pleased loquacity. "Mr. Cummings always gives me the best price in the market. He says to me sometimes 'there's no butter comes to town that can hold a candle to yourn, Miss Allen.' You see, dear, I don't leave my milk too long, and I do my own salting, and I work it myself, and it stands to reason it should be better than my neighbors ef they leave it to their hired help."

"How many pounds have you there?" asked the young lady, meditatively.

"Twenty pounds, more or less," answered Dame Allen, proudly.

Essie Hicks looked out of the window, thoughtfully. She was indulging in an example of Multiplication.

"Eighteen by twenty!" she said to herself. "So little! I spend the sum without a thought that woman works so hard to earn. How long have you lived here?" she asked, a few minutes after.

"More'n forty years," answered Dame Allen. "My husband that is dead and gone brought me here the day we was married, and I've never been away two days at a time sence. I think the worst thing that could befall me would be to have to leave this place."

"Forty years!" Essie Hicks exclaimed, in a tone of incredulous astonishment, leaning her pretty head on her small hand, and looking over the broad meadow-lands with eyes that saw not, for their gaze was inward and profoundly meditative. "Forty years!" she repeated. "And I have not lived half that time!" Watching the young girl standing there, with shadows creeping into the inward-gazing eyes, with wrinkles gathering on the smooth white brow, and lines of pain contracting the delicate mouth, you could easily guess how the inward thought was contrasting the content of that elderly dame with the discontent of her young life. Forty years of quiet country ways, and that woman asked for nothing different; and there was she, whose age was scarce a score, weary, restless, and *blasé*. The worst evil in that dame's life was change of locality, and continuity in one place was the worst evil in hers.

"Don't you ever get tired?" she asked Dame Allen, raising her beautiful blue eyes to the calm face of the woman who was surveying her tray of golden butter with a face full of intense satisfaction.

"Tired of what?" asked Dame Allen, wonderingly.

"Of every thing," answered Essie Hicks. "Don't you ever get tired of the milk, and butter, and the table-setting, and dish-washing, and the drudging from morning till night, and—" She paused suddenly. Upon her word she could not think of any thing else in that woman's life. It was only milk, and butter, and table-setting, and dish-washing, and drudgery all the time.

Dame Allen answered, "I never look at my work in that way. When Robert lived it was a comfort to work fur him and please him, and when Robert died, there was my children to do fur. It's always a comfort and a pleasure to work fur those you love, Miss Hicks. There is nothing in the world so tiresome as selfishness. I've always found it was better to work fur other people than myself. I can't explain it; but you see, dear, we don't ever pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better. I couldn't ever begin to pay myself fur my own work like my husband paid me with his love and protection; and now that he's dead and gone, look at my children! Just look at Dick; what a blessing and treasure he is to me every day of his life! God bless him! Dick's a boy to pay to the uttermost farthing what he owes. He does it in money, and he does it in love. Dick's just like his father—just like his father!" And Dame Allen wiped away tears of pride for the living and pain for the dead.

Essie Hicks followed Dame Allen's movements as she carried away the tray of butter as if she had listened to strange philosophy. And yet it struck her it was not altogether new. She had heard similar doctrine on Sundays sitting in her cushioned pew, and catching now and then a word from the preacher's desk of One who went about doing good, but she had not listened as if the preacher's story of that self-sacrificing life had aught to do with her life of pleasure; and her neighbors' bonnets, and her own wardrobe and plans for the coming week, had interested her more. Dame Allen's words more than the preacher's set Essie Hicks thinking of her life that had hitherto been one of self-seeking. She repeated the words again and again: "We don't pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better." She began to believe it, recognizing in herself the bad paymaster for the work she had done herself. She went to her work-basket and picked up a delicate piece of embroidery. She did not need it. She had spent hours upon it already. She would spend hours more; and when it was done she would not care for it. That was the way she paid herself. "Yes, I believe," she said to herself, "that other folks would pay me better. They couldn't pay me much more poorly than I pay myself."

Dame Allen returned to the kitchen, and, rolling up her sleeves, proceeded to knead a mass of spongy dough into shapely loaves of bread. Essie Hicks let her sewing drop and watched her.

"You've had to work very hard, haven't you?" she asked. The tone of inquiry was sympathetic. It was easy guessing that sympathy was an element of good in a character that in all human probability had run a risk of being spoiled. Dame Allen's answer was cheerful.

"I've seen pretty tough getting along sometimes, but I've never had more laid on me than I was able to bear. After my husband died, and I couldn't see no way but to sell the place, my heart most broke. Dick had been away to college a while then, you see. He took learning wonderful easy, and his father said he wanted him to take a higher place in the world than he had. Dick examined the books after his father died, and looked over all the notes and papers. I knowed pretty well how affairs stood, but Dick had been away to school, and didn't know his father was as much encumbered as he was. He got very sober like as he looked over them papers, and went around the farm as ef he bore the weight of the world on his shoulders. It was pretty hard to think of going away from the old spot where my husband brought me more than twenty years before. It seemed to me as ef I had taken root like the trees in our door-yard. But one night I seen Dick setting at the desk with little piles of paper all around him and his head leanin' down onto the desk so sorrowful like. I went and set down beside him, and says I, 'Dick, there ain't no use tryin' to keep the place. Ef your father had lived he would have been forehanded enough to make the next payment, but we can't do it. We'd better sell out, and you can go back to college, and the younger ones must take their chance.' Dick raised his head at that, and shook it in the sober like way he'd got sence his father died. It wasn't like his old, jolly way one bit. 'Mother,' he says, 'I've got it all settled now.' He took up one of the piles of papers—school-bills he said they was. 'Ef father hadn't paid so much for my schoolin,' he said, 'there'd a been money enough to pay off the mortgage. Now,' he says, 'I owe that to you and the younger children.' Then he went on to say that old Squire Smith was goin' to advance the money, and he was goin' to stay here and work the place. 'It will make you all a good living,' he said, 'and after a while the mortgage and the other debts will be paid off.' He's been at it ever sence, Miss Hicks, paying off every cent against us jest as fast as he could make it. He's one to pay the uttermost farthing, as I told you. He does it in money, and he does it in love."

"It's too bad your son couldn't remain at college," Essie Hicks remarked, and her tones were sympathetic for the son.

"It's a wonderful pity," assented Dame Allen. "He's such a hand fur his books. Why, you ought to see the stacks of books he's got up in his room, and he's always reading and writing every spare minute he gets. Ef you'd like any books at any time, Miss Hicks, you'll find 'em up in Dick's room."

"Thank you," answered Essie Hicks. "I'll go right up and look at them. I've wanted a book to help kill the time ever since I've been here."

She went up the stairs with a bound to the low-ceiled, white-curtained room. What a simple room it was! She remembered the fault Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone were always finding with their rooms at the hotels in Saratoga and Newport and Long Branch. What would they say to a room with meagre furniture like Dick Allen's? She went to the book-rack, the stained boards and leather hangings of which bore witness to the fact that Dick Allen had been his own upholsterer; and then her eye ran over the books. There were series of histories, piles of scientific works, and volume after volume of Greek and Latin. Essie Hicks regarded the books with wonder. Greek and Latin always commanded her veneration, she often said, in a playful way, and it was her habit to bow to all mysterious things that she did not understand. She opened a few of them, and turned over the leaves meditatively. There were pencil marks on the pages, and some of the leaves were worn as if they had been subject to studious perusal. "It's quite remarkable," Essie Hicks thought. "Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone would be quite beyond their depth in books like these." She replaced them all upon the shelves, and went down without a book.

"Didn't you find any to suit?" asked Dame Allen.

"Oh! they were quite beyond me," answered Essie Hicks, with a laugh. "Your son must be a scholar." "A gentleman and a scholar," she quoted to herself; and then she wondered if it was an apt quotation. Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone were gentlemen; but Dick Allen wore coarse clothes, and his face was sun-burnt, and his hands were rough. But then she thought of the Greek and Latin, and the story of self-sacrifice she had heard that morning, and she had a dim consciousness that in some way Dick Allen was superior to those others she had met in fashionable society.

A colored woman at the door, thrusting in her turbaned head, exclaimed, "Lud! Miss Allen, who's goin' fur to take a cold bite to de men in de field? I'se got de sass to clean fur dinner, and you'se up to your eyes in bread-dough. Yer hadn't orter to let de children all go to school, Miss Allen. Lud a massy! I'll be dumswizzled ef I know how under de sun and canopy de basket is to be got to de men. Now does yer know any way, Miss Allen?"

"I will take it," said Essie Hicks, tossing her embroidery in a work-basket and springing to her feet.

"Lud, Miss! yer a pretty one to take it!" exclaimed the negro servant, surveying the young girl from head to foot. "You'll spile your gown, and them little shoes of yourn 'll be a sight to see after you've traipsed through the clover-fields."

"Oh no! it won't hurt my dress, and there are plenty more shoes where these came from," answered the girl, carelessly. She took a hat from the wall—a jaunty hat of braided straw, with a waving plume that touched her shoulder—and, picking up the basket, she started across the fields, singing—

> "There was a little woman as I've heard tell,
> She went to market her eggs for to sell."

"Dar's a fine little lady fur yer," commented the negro servant, looking after the white-robed figure crossing the fields of clover. "But, den, fine fedders makes fine birds, and I'm sartain sure dar isn't any market for her eggs in this part of de country."

"She's an extronary young woman," remarked Dame Allen. "To think of her being interested in the price of butter and the like of that, when she never in all her life raised a finger toward earning her bread or making her butter."

"Will she stay all de summer long?" asked the negro servant.

"Mostwise ef the air agrees with her," answered Dame Allen. "She was pretty much run down, and her father thought a farm-house would be the best place in the world for her. Her father was brought up in these parts, and he come to me, and says he, 'Miss Allen, I'd be glad ef you'd take my daughter fur the summer. She's a little willful,' says he, 'but she hasn't known a mother's care since she was a little child, and it's a sad pity fur girls when they lose their mothers.' 'That's the truth, Mr. Hicks,' says I, 'it's a pity for boys and girls to lose their mothers, and their fathers, too, fur that matter,' and I thought of my boys without any father. I never look at Dick, slaving on the farm when he ought to be in college, but I think it's a great loss fur a boy when his father dies. It's the Lord's will, though, and I didn't mean to complain. Eleven o'clock!" she exclaimed, as the eight-day clock gave forth eleven strokes. "It's high time this batch of bread was in the oven. Just look out of the window, Nancy, and see ef Miss Hicks is findin' her way acrost the fields. These New York girls haven't much gumption about any thing that don't concern their clothes, and worsted work, and fancy fixins of one kind and another."

"Lud, Miss Allen! de gal is makin' a bee-line fur de men," answered Nancy, standing in the doorway, and shading her eyes from the sun. "What a lively little thing it is—as spry as a chipmunk! I guess Mister Richard 'll open his eyes to have his dinner fotched him by dat little beauty, wid her ribbons a-flyin' and her fedders a-bobbin', like as though as ef dey was alive, as it were. Lud bless us! she's a fine little lady, and no mistake. You needn't concern yourself any longer, Miss Allen; she's done got dar, and de men has got dar cold bite, and de work in de kitchen has hadn't to stop a minute, owin' altogedder to Miss Hicks. Lud bless her!"

Dick Allen, turning an angle with a plow, thinking of the epithet "slow" applied to him by a pretty girl that morning—an epithet that rankled in his bosom because the girl who used it was wondrously pretty, and he did not like to stand condemned in her eyes as an old fogy and behind the times, glanced down the furrows of fresh turned sod, and saw the young girl coming with a basket. All the young man's face flushed crimson. He knew the kind of men such girls admired—men with white hands, and easy manners, and fashionable attire. He had known such men. It had been possible for him to stand among them had he disregarded the claims of the widow and the fatherless. But the widow was his mother, and the fatherless his own brothers. Not for such as he was disregard of these holy claims possible, and the crimson flush faded, and he raised his head with the conscious dignity of a true manhood, and met Essie Hicks's kindly blue eyes and reverent bow.

It was the Greek and Latin, and that giving up of college that brought the kindness in her eyes, and the reverence in her bow, she said to herself when she analyzed her mood. And now that Dick Allen gave her thanks with courteous kindness, she observed what fine eyes he had—"such a lovely shade of brown"—as she expressed it in true woman's parlance, and then what a noble forehead he had! If he dressed as well as Dan Wykoff, and Ben Douglass, and Guss Livingstone, he would be a handsomer man than either of them. She was coming to this conclusion slowly, asking questions about the land, and plows, and harrows. Her manner of interrogation was interested and sympathetic, like that in which she had talked to Dame Allen that morning of the price of butter and the bread kneading. It was a manner that was certain to elicit interest from the party with whom she talked. It had won from Dame Allen the encomium of "extronary." It was winning from her son an honest admiration that beamed on his somewhat grave face and shone out of his honest brown eyes.

Essie Hicks's manner would have puzzled the girls of her set. Sue Douglass would have said, with a curl of her red lips, "That farmer lad! Pshaw!" Katie Clark would have shrugged her bare shoulders and said, carelessly, "You know we don't care to bring down such game as that. It's a waste of ammunition, and the fun wouldn't pay for the powder." And Clara Jewett, who should have been a Vere de Vere, would have smiled in the cold way that is characteristic of the Vere de Veres and said, complacently, "If Miss Hicks's health compels her to go out of the world and beyond the bounds of civilization, she is quite justifiable in getting all the amusement she can out of the people she meets. The pursuit of amusement is our inalienable right."

But Essie Hicks would have shamed the Vere de Vere reasoning. She had no thought of amusement standing before Dick Allen with a reverence in her face and a real interest in her manner that Dan Wykoff and Ben Douglass and Guss Livingstone would have given much to have awakened, and the young man comprehending somewhat of the reverence, and conscious dimly of the interest, forgot his sun-burnt face and hard hands and coarse garments and talked with Essie Hicks as he might have done if he had stood side by side with those other men that had fallen to her lot in life.

"It is a strange lot," Essie Hicks said, musingly, thinking seriously as men like Dick Allen could make her think, and talking earnestly as men like him could make her talk.

The young man's eye ran over the half plowed field.

"Rather a hard lot," he answered. "Though indeed it was pretty enough before the flowers were all turned under."

"You are very practical," Essie Hicks replied, with a smile. "I mean our lot in life. You mean this lot of land."

"My lot in life means this lot of land," Dick Allen said, with a strange bitterness in his speech. He turned almost abruptly from the young girl and laid his hands on the plow. By the movement he seemed to turn from more than the girl. Ah! the brain fancies, the heart dreams, the boyish aspirations which that morning talk had awakened and from which he turned. He was a strong man. He had put his hand to the plow, and he could not look back.

Essie Hicks returned to the farm-house thinking of her lot in life on a level with the Wykoffs and Douglasses and Livingstones and Clarks and Jewetts. And then she fell to thinking of Dick Allen. How the girls of her set would sneer at his coarse clothes and country manners! And how the gentlemen would stare at a man who plowed and sowed and reaped and earned bread for himself and others by literal sweat of his brow. Ah that brow! Essie Hicks's eyes grew kindly and her face grew reverent again. She was thinking of the Greek and Latin books on the hanging shelves of leather and stained wood.

A few nights after, Essie Hicks, writing letters by the little table in Dame Allen's sitting room, glanced off her sheet to find Dick Allen's eyes on her face. She flushed a little, this girl who in fashionable society had all her nerves and blood-vessels under such control that she was never known to blush, and she inquired, kindly, "What are you studying, Mr. Allen?"

"Greek," he answered, simply.

"It is quite beyond me," Essie Hicks said, with a smile.

Dick Allen sighed. "And me," he muttered, inaudibly, laying his book on the table and walking to the window.

Essie Hicks picked up the book. It was a Latin Virgil.

"Why, he said it was Greek," she commented, inwardly. "What did he mean?" She glanced up with questioning eyes. Dick Allen was regarding her attentively with an eager, thoughtful gaze. She was answered by the gaze. He meant her. It was an answer that sent the crimson currents into her pale cheeks as she gathered up her papers and closed her port-folio.

"How much better you're looking, Miss Hicks!" said Dame Allen, aroused by Essie's movement. "I think ef your father could see you he'd be pleased with the color in your face and the brightness of your eyes."

Poor innocent Dame Allen! Essie Hicks's father could take no pleasure in color and brightness that a word and glance from your son had brought. And, Essie Hicks, you had better be with people of your kind—chatting with Sue Douglass, playing duets with Katie Clark, and outgeneraling Clara Jewett with unconscious skill. You had better be waltzing with Dan Wykoff, at Saratoga, or boating at Newport with Ben Douglass, or climbing the White Mountains with Guss Livingstone. You had better be any where than at Dame Allen's farm-house. It is a quiet, peaceful place; but there is danger in the quiet, and there are thorns beneath the roses. As for you, Dick Allen, you had better never have known the fair girl with the pretty ways and sympathetic tones. Your path lies over rough places. Thinkest thou feet like Essie Hicks's shall bear thee company?

He did not think it. He was a practical man. He said to himself Miss Hicks is a practical woman. When the summer is over Miss Hicks will be nothing to me. The farm-house will be nothing to Miss Hicks.

What trifles destroy our nice calculations!

It was only the giving way of a little piece of leather, the disarrangement of a bit of harness, and there was a frightened horse dashing over the dusty road, and behind the horse a frightened woman clinging to a man, pale in spite of sunburn. Dick Allen had said he would be very circumspect in that ride—it was the last, for the summer was well-nigh over; but he forgot his resolution with those white arms clinging to him, and he said, tenderly, in the tones that lovers know,

"Be quiet, Essie, my darling, I would give my life for you."

When the danger was over, and Essie Hicks unhurt still clung to her protector, Dick Allen said, with a sad tenderness,

"I never meant to tell you all my heart. I said our ways were very different, and you could never share my life."

The crimson flush that made Essie Hicks beautiful above most women stole into her pale cheeks and her lips parted to make reply.

Dick Allen stopped her.

"I will not take your answer now," he said. "You are going to your home and friends for a few weeks. When you return you shall tell me if you are content to share my life."

"I shall be content," Essie Hicks answered. She had been thinking of Dame Allen's words, "We never pay ourselves very well fur the work we do fur ourselves. Other people pays us better." "I will work for Dick Allen, and I shall be content with Dick Allen's pay," she said to herself. She meant well; and Dick Allen saw angel hands bearing him over life's rough places.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN EXCUSE FOR BEING QUARRELSOME.—In very hot weather you may be as disagreeable and disobliging to your friends as you please. If a coolness arises, so much the better.

◆

PERSONAL.—There has been some difficulty about the right definition of "personal luggage," a term invented by the railway companies. We should think a trunk that refused to shut up when you sat upon it an irritating baggage, but the offense does not involve personalities. We see, however, that there is a traveling-bag advertised as "answering all purposes." It would depend of course on the nature of the replies whether such luggage would be personal.

◆

IT IS SO.

I've seen many a girl
Who would marry a churl
Provided he'd plenty of gold,
And would live to repent
When the money was spent—
When she found that her heart had been sold.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

I've known many a lass
Who would thoughtlessly pass
Whole hours parading the street,
While her mother would scrub
All the while at the tub,
Never minding the cold nor the heat.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

There is many a man
Who will "dress" if he can,
No matter how empty his purse;
And his tailor may look
When he settles his book,
But his patron has bolted, or worse.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

I know people so nice
They will faint in a trice
If you mention hard labor to them;
Yet their parents were poor,
And were forced to endure
Many hardships life's current to stem.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

There are many about,
With a face "long drawn out,"
Who will prate for the harm of a laugh;
Yet they'll cheat all the week,
Though on Sundays so meek—
To my mind, they're too pious by half.
It is so! It is so!
You may smile if you like,
But it's so!

◆

SAGACITY OF THE SERPENT.—A Python at the Zoological Gardens once swallowed his blanket. He was supposed to have mistaken it for a rabbit. This supposition is probably erroneous. More likely the Python wanted an anodyne, being troubled with a pain in his inside, and swallowed the blanket because he mistook it for a counterpane.

◆

MAKING A "MULL" OF IT.—It is said that a Prussian chemist has suggested the introduction of a new element into the game of war. He proposes the employment of canvas bags filled with powdered veratria—the most powerful sternutatory known. These bags are to be discharged from cannon, and the effect of the bursting of one of them in the enemy's ranks will be, that every man in its vicinity will be suddenly seized with the most violent fit of sneezing. It is not anticipated that they will literally "sneeze their heads off," but generals will be unable to issue orders, aides-de-camp to transmit them, or officers to give the simplest word of command; horsemen will sneeze themselves out of their saddles, and taking aim will become a physical impossibility. A regiment of snuff-taking Highlanders might hold out a little longer; but it appears, from all accounts, that even the most seasoned votary of "sneeshin" would be forced to succumb to the power of veratria.—Meanwhile the needle-guns of the opposing forces would be mowing them down by hundreds, until nothing was left to the unfortunate victims of this diabolical scheme but to "suratchishew-render."

◆

A grim old judge, hearing a flowery discourse from a pretentious young barrister, advised him to pluck out the feathers from the wings of his imagination and stick them in the tail of his judgment.

◆

COMFORTING. — Smith says he never minds wearing himself out over-night, because he's always sure of being "done up" in the morning!

GRAMMATICAL LOVE-LETTER IN POETRY.

Accept, Dear Miss, this article of mine,
For what's indefinite who can define?—
My case is singular, my house is rural,
Wilt thou, indeed, consent to make it plural.
Something I feel pervades my system through,
I can't describe, yet substantively true,
Thy form so feminine, thy mind reflective—
Where all's possessive good, and naught objective.
I'm positive none can compare with thee
In wit and worth's degree;
First person indicative, but prove—
Let thy soft passive voice exclaim, I Love:
Active in cheerful mood no longer neuter,
I'll leave my cares both present, past, and future,
But ah! what torture must I undergo
Till I obtain that little Yes or No?—
Spare me the negative to save compunction—
Oh, let my preposition meet conjunction;
What could excite such pleasing recollection
As hearing thee pronounce this interjection:—
I will be thine, thy joys and griefs to share,
Till Heaven shall please to point a period there.

◆

FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES.

Rules for the Lady of the House.

1. A lady who keeps a boarding-house should impress the fact upon her inmates that they are merely boarders, and, as such, not entitled to the sympathies of life.

2. Let it be distinctly understood what the hours are for meals, and that the table will never be kept standing, no matter what the emergency.

3. Ladies should never be taken as boarders while there is any possibility of getting gentlemen; but when it is absolutely necessary, in order to "fill up," to receive them, then let them understand that gentlemen would have been decidedly preferred.

4. It is scarcely necessary in this enlightened age to say, "Don't take children;" indeed, children being allowed to live in any house—except those owned by their papas—is a remnant of barbarism which should never be tolerated by proprietors of boarding-houses.

5. Great cleanliness is not at all necessary in a boarding-house. Boarders can eat quite "enough" without any fanciful nicety.

6. Fuel is a considerable item. The most approved modern plan to save this article is to have stoves put up very late in the season, and take them down very early; and if there be furnaces, to lay in just enough of coal to last till early spring.

7. When the lady of the house has a marriageable daughter the parlor should be appropriated for her especial use, every evening, for the entertainment of her beaux. Boarders have no right to intrude in the parlor of a boarding-house except to receive a friend, especially after gas-light.

8. Let the boarders look out for their own comfort. Let your prices be the highest, and give as little as you possibly can in return. Let the least trifle, not at the regular meal-time, be an extra. Go late to market. There is a great saving in this. You can then get bargains in meats and vegetables. It don't matter about them being very fresh for boarders. Haslets and other bits called offals make excellent hashes, and are very cheap. First-class butter is never necessary. Desserts are very expensive. Many people cut a pie into eight pieces; manage to get ten out of one. Have very small plates for custards, and let them be but two-thirds full. For your puddings, etc., instead of having dessert plates, have the smallest-sized saucers; no one who has any regard to their reputation will ever ask for a second supply of dessert.

◆

PUN-GENT QUERIES.

Which is most to be pitied—a pensive lady or an expensive one?

Is it necessary for a "limb of the law" to "branch out" in *fruit-less* oratory?

Is "stealing editorial thunder," to *lighten* the labor of writing, considered a canonical or *civil* "write?"

Can a printer who "sticks" type be said to *adhere* to his profession?

Is a "so-so" sort of farmer a good grain-raiser?

Is haughty-culture commendable in farmers' daughters?

When a dog insists upon lying on the "mat," would you consider him "dogmatically inclined?"

If mankind are animals, can fashionable ladies be called "trained" animals?

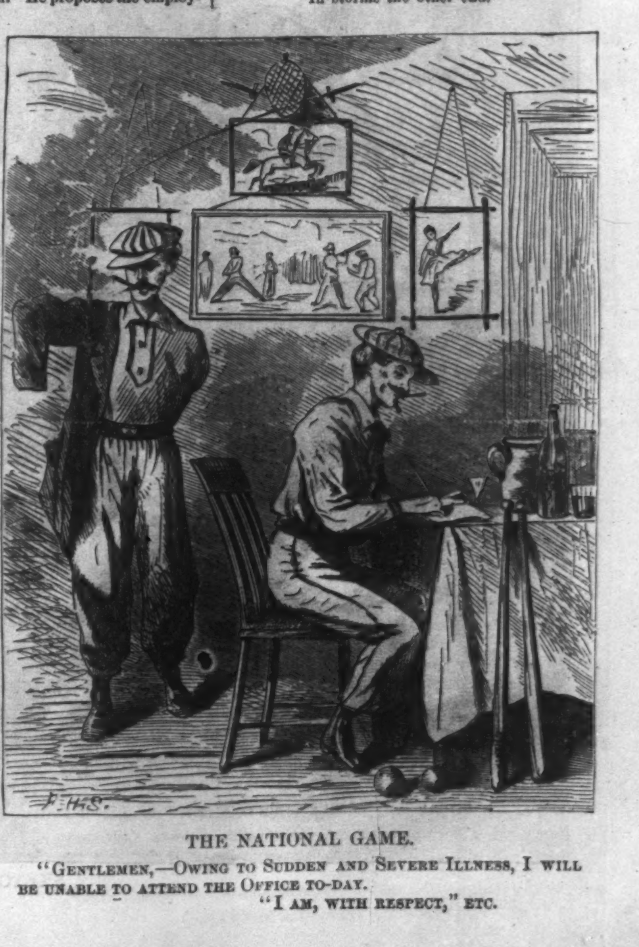
If "brevity is the soul of wit," what a funny thing a fashionable coat is, isn't it?

What kind of riches can not "take to themselves wings and fly away?"—Why, *ost*-riches, of course!

◆

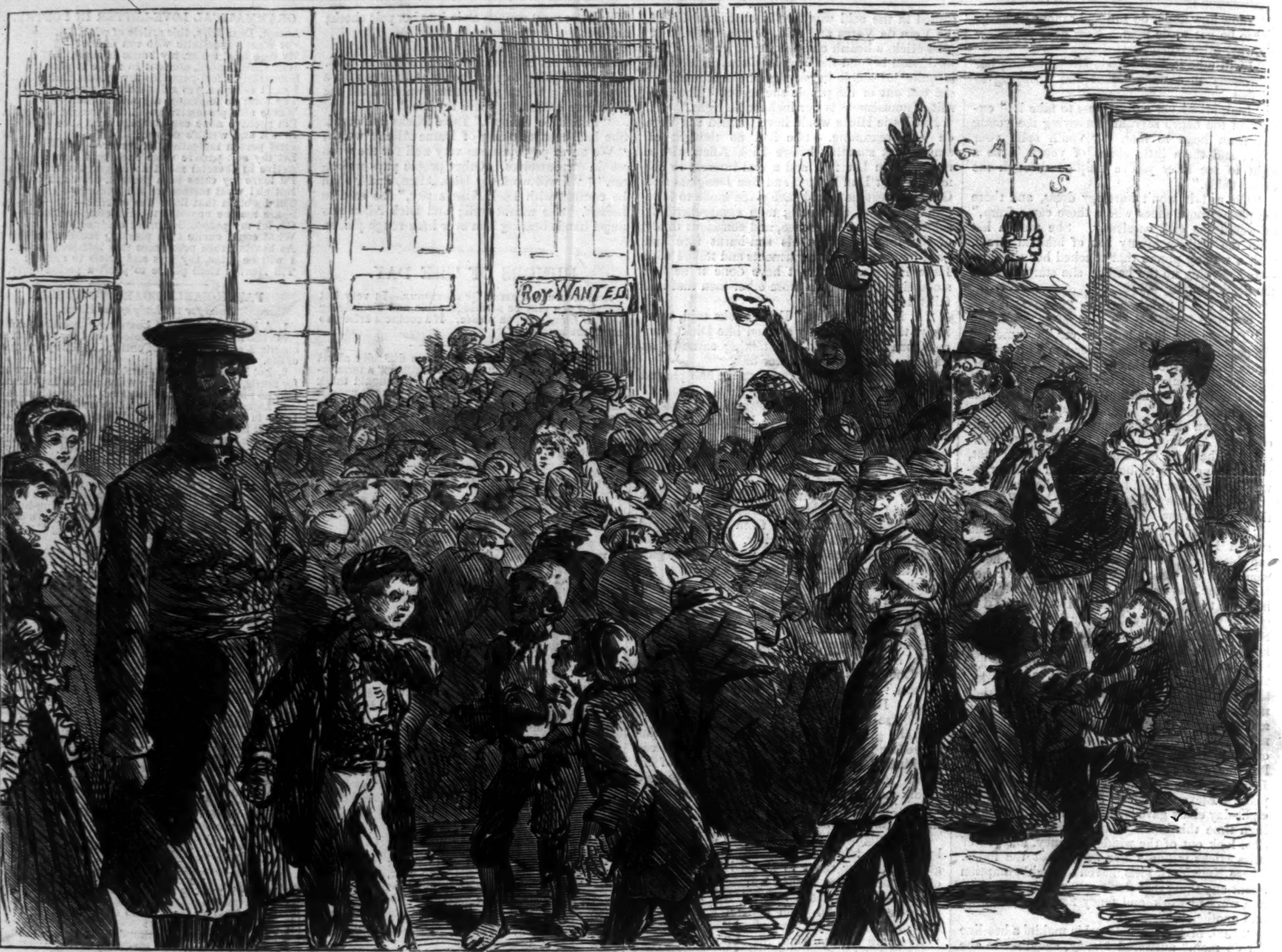
Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey, the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

"This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end."



THE NATIONAL GAME.

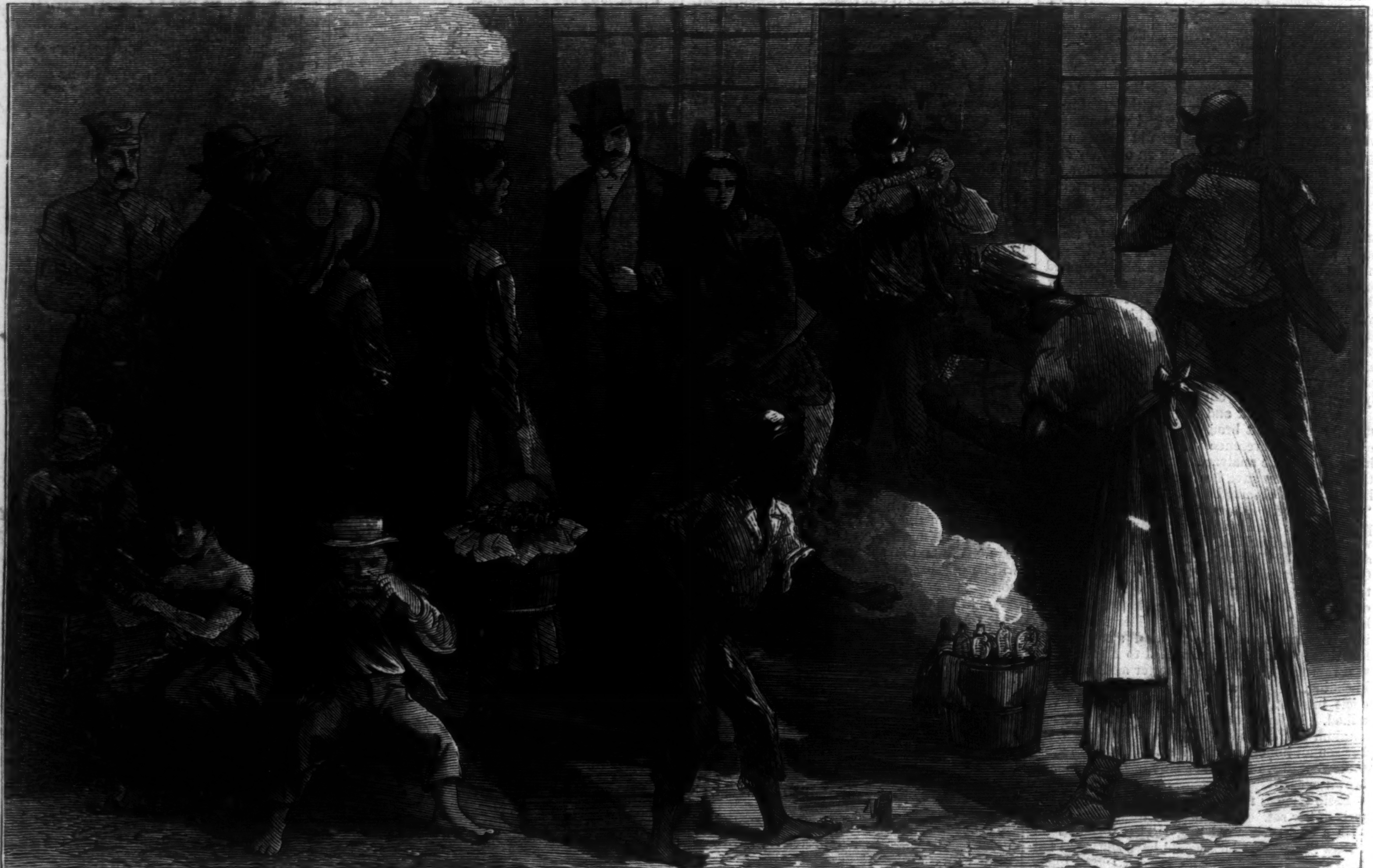
"GENTLEMEN,—OWING TO SUDDEN AND SEVERE ILLNESS, I WILL BE UNABLE TO ATTEND THE OFFICE TO-DAY.
"I AM, WITH RESPECT," ETC.



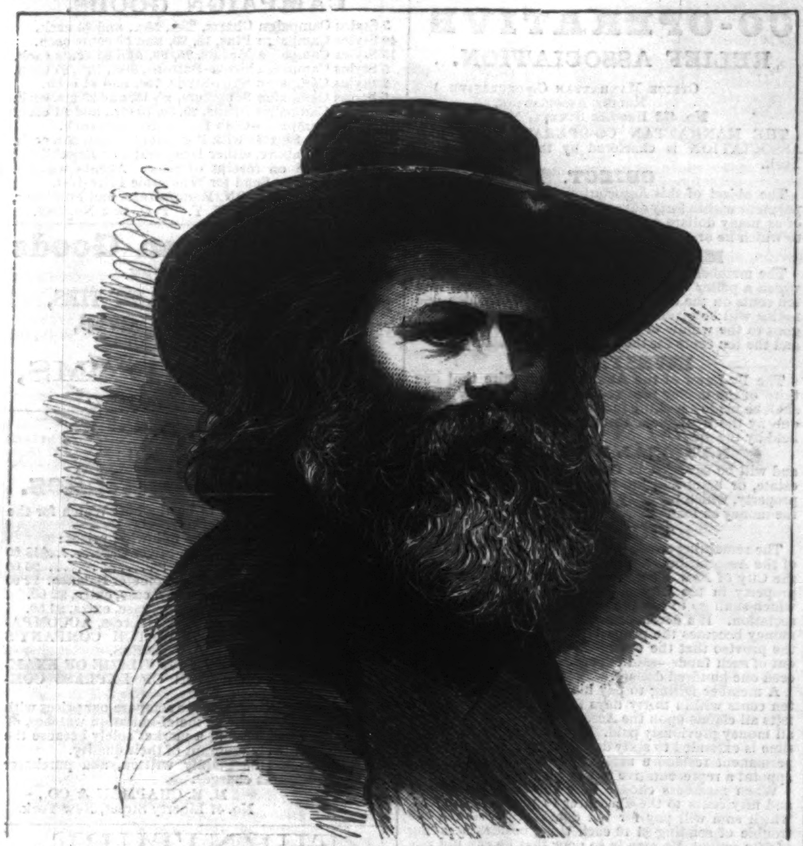
SKETCHES OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE—"BOY WANTED!"

SKETCHES OF CITY LIFE.

"Boy wanted!" says the sign. But to judge from the above illustration, there is no lack of the needed article. Boys—why there don't seem to be any thing else! To some youngster in that crowd the call may have come, like a pleasant invitation, to give up idling and begin a life of industry; and years hence that sign, or the advertisement seen in the morning paper, may be recollected by him as the turning-point in his life, and seem as illustrious as if printed in letters of gold. Or the advertisement may have met the eyes of some poor starveling, who wants a chance to live; and to him it means a possible succession of dinners, and of nights spent in a comfort-



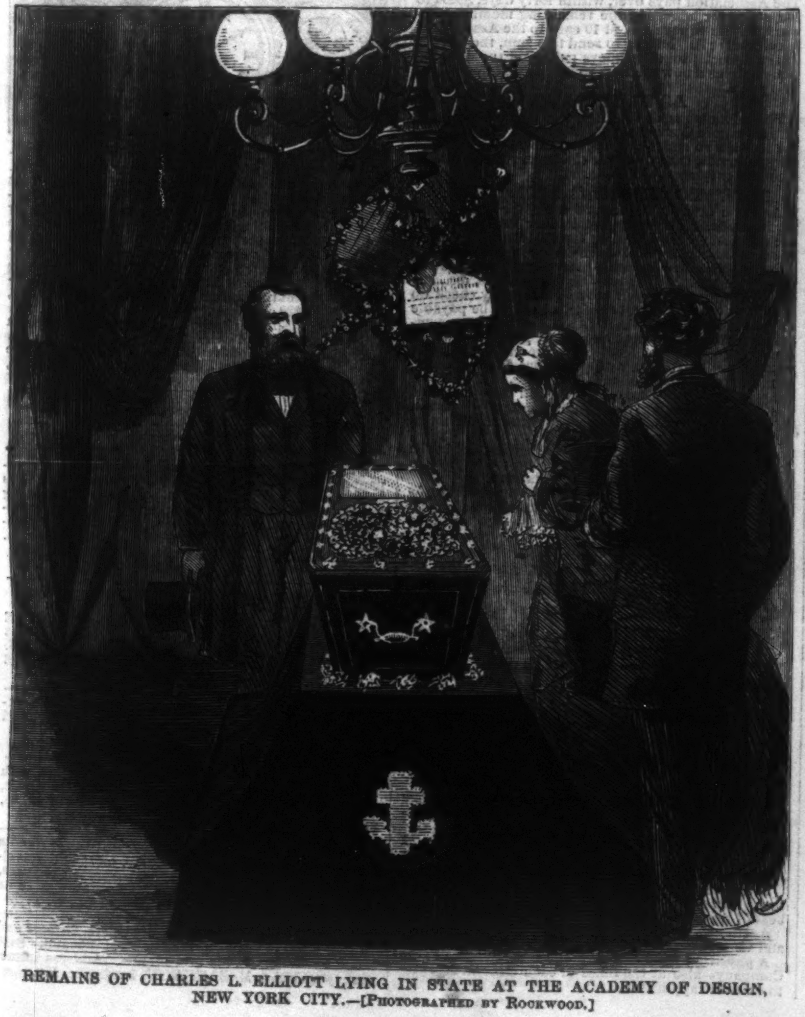
SKETCHES OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE—"HOT CORN!"



CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, N.A.

able bed. Our artist has shown the kind of answer which these advertisements receive. These boys are not all of the street. There are in this city hundreds of boys, sons of respectable parents and regular attendants of our schools, who every morning look in the daily papers for those two magic words, "Boy wanted!" and if they are successful in their search, the earliest possible moment finds them mingling with the crowd sketched by our artist—a crowd which fills the street for a considerable distance, and which winds up the staircase to the very door of the advertising proprietor who has had the audacity to raise and brave this storm of boys. He selects the boy who best meets his fancy, and then the crowd disperses. At this time, when business is so stagnant, there is a slim chance for boys who want places. Be patient, boys! You are *all* wanted, and sooner or later the call will come for each one of you. Take the chance when it comes, and then work on, and patiently wait your employer's call to "come up higher."

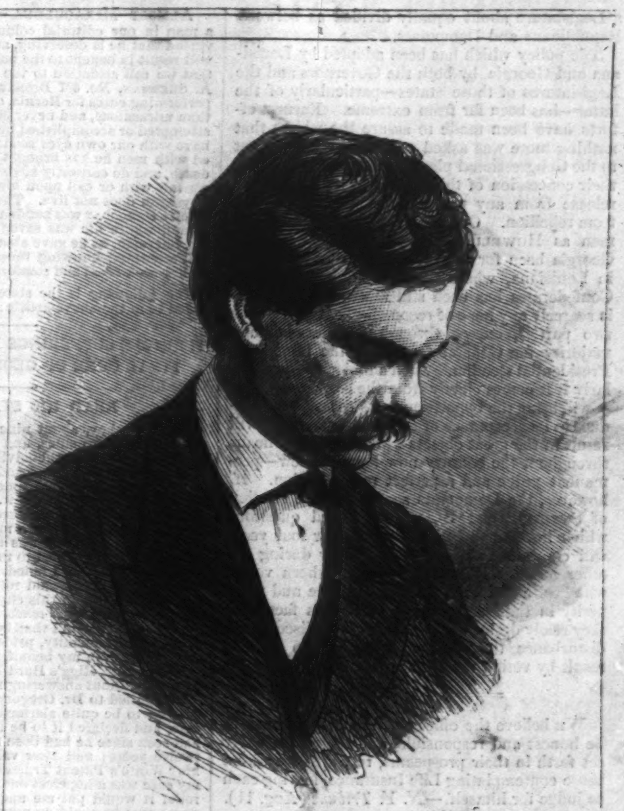
Our other sketch—"Hot Corn!"—introduces us to a night-scene in summer-time—a scene familiar to every one who has taken a midnight stroll among the by-ways of this city.



REMAINS OF CHARLES L. ELLIOTT LYING IN STATE AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK CITY.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

THE LATE CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

The decease of Mr. Elliott has deprived this country of her most distinguished portrait-painter. He died in Albany on Tuesday, August 25, from a tumor on the brain. Mr. Elliott was born in Scipio, New York, in 1812. His early years were passed for the most part in Syracuse. His father, an architect, wished him to enter upon mercantile pursuits. That did not satisfy the boy, and he came to New York, where he studied art under Trumbull and a painter named Quidor. He tried portraits, but was not successful. He illustrated Irving and Paulding; but at last went into the interior of the State, where he devoted his undivided attention to portrait-painting. Then he returned to New York, where he has lived and painted ever since. One of his most characteristic portraits—that of Fletcher Harper—was sent to the Paris Exhibition. One of the best art-critics in this country thus described his portraits in a former Number of this journal: "Elliott's portraits are dashing and brilliant. They are often roughly criticised for crudity and extravagance of color. But although like Gilbert Stuart he is fond of color, like Gilbert Stuart he is a master of color. Perhaps the secret of his great popularity as a painter is the vividness of his portraiture. The critics may call it a superficial likeness, but it is a likeness so graphic that it is saluted with an involuntary smile of recognition and pleasure. Then there is a magnetism in his portraits; an air of cheerfulness and high spirits which is enlivening and delightful; and if his companions of other days still speak of him fondly as 'Charley Elliott,' it is because the boy's heart still beats unchanged in the busy and famous painter."



HON. H. C. WARMOTH, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

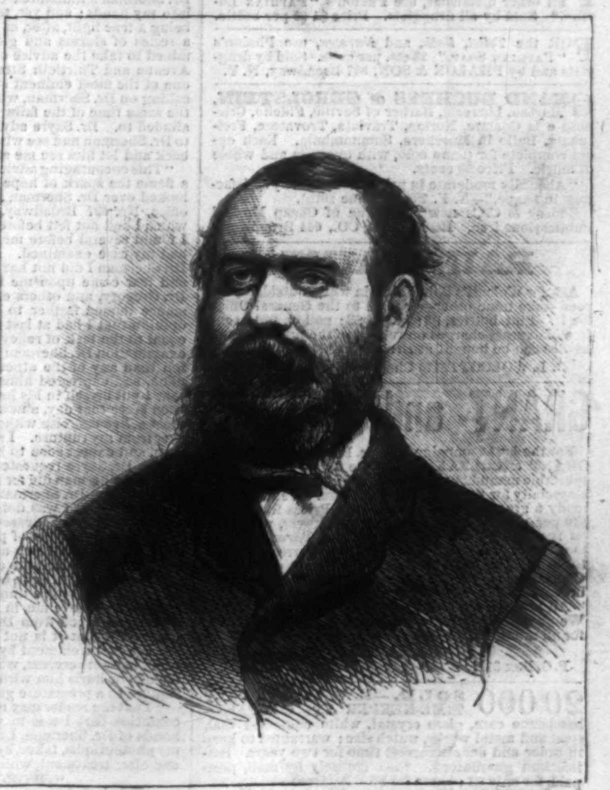
A MAGICIAN'S RESIDENCE.

Electricity is a wizard's power. With it, and a little mechanical skill, a man may turn his house into a magician's castle. The late ingenious Mr. Appold—of centrifugal pump notoriety—indeed, did this without it. His room doors opened as you approached them, and shut behind you; his stable gates did the same; upon touching a spring the window-shutters closed and the gas was turned on; his apartments maintained themselves at a uniform temperature, and at a proper hygrometric state, by regulating thermometers and atmospheric damping apparatus; in short, his house was full of surprising devices, created and worked out by his wonderful inventive and executive skill. Had he pressed the subtle fluid into his service there is no saying into what a palace of enchantment his dwelling would have been transformed. But what he did not do has been done by the famous Robert Houdin, who has made electricity do the work of a retinue of servants and a watchman to boot. The ex-conjuror lives at a country seat called the Priory, near to his native town of Blois, and there it is that these wonderful applications have been effected. A visitor presenting himself at the portal finds the name of "Robert Houdin" upon a door-plate, above which is a little knocker; operating upon the latter a great bell sounds within the house. In a few moments the lock is thrown back, and the name on the plate changes, like a pantomime trick, to "Entrez." The visitor obeys, and the door automatically closes behind him. If more than one person enters, the invisible and inanimate "concierge" makes known the fact by tinkling a small bell, which keeps up its tintinnabulum so long as the door is held open. The carriage-gates, some distance off, announce themselves open or shut in the hall, where an inscription exhibits the words, "The gates are open," or "The gates are shut," as the case may be. The letter-box on the gate tells in the house how many letters have been put into it, and, by an arrangement with the postman, which are letters and which book-parcels or newspapers; and if the postman is wanted at the house to carry correspondence to the village, he is apprised of the fact by a bell, of the ringing of which he knows the meaning. The horse, in a stable more than forty yards from the house, is fed at regular intervals by electrical intervention. At stated times a clock sends a current, which opens the orifice of a shoot or hopper, and allows the due proportion of provender to fall into the manger. This same clock is charged with the transmission of time to two large external dials, and to several smaller ones about the domicile, all of which go together in sympathy, so that Father Time has here a company of subalterns that march step by step with irrefragable order. Then it rings bells at the proper times for meals and other regular household duties, calls up the servants by alarms in the morning, and at night puts a galvanic current in connection with a wire that communicates with all the doors and windows, so that if any of these are attempted by burglars an alarm is instantly given. Lastly, the green-house telegraphs its temperature to the conjuror's study. If the gardener allows the thermometer to rise above or fall below certain limits, his master is apprised of the irregularity, and he is called to account next morning. The poor man knows when he has been at fault, but does not know who or what tells the tale, and he thinks he has a sorcerer to serve; and so, in the only sense in which we can nowadays regard the word, he has.

LOUISIANA AND GEORGIA.

These are both reconstructed States. In the elections held last spring the Hon. H. C. Warmoth was elected Governor of Louisiana, and Mr. Bullock Governor of Georgia. The majority in Georgia in favor of the new Constitution was over 17,000; in Louisiana nearly 18,000. Owing to the larger negro vote in Louisiana, the candidate for Governor was a more pronounced Radical. This candidate was claimed by the Radical Republicans in 1865 as the delegate from the "Territory of Louisiana." When Louisiana was first organized as a State Government under Mr. Lincoln's administration, the Senators and Members of Congress from that State were admitted. The admission of representatives was, however, refused by a subsequent Congress.

In Georgia, where almost every thing depended upon the white vote, a more conservative candidate was presented. Thus Mr. Bullock was elected Governor by the same voters who elected



GOVERNOR BULLOCK OF GEORGIA.

a Legislature about equally divided as between Republicans and Democrats.

The policy which has been adopted by Louisiana and Georgia, by both the Governors and the Legislatures of those States—particularly of the latter—has been far from extreme. Earnest efforts have been made to assure the whites that nothing more was asked of them than to assent to the Congressional plan of restoration, and that their concession of this point will secure them a release from any political disabilities resulting from rebellion. Owing to the opposition of such men as HOWELL COBB, these efforts have in Georgia been for the most part fruitless; while in Louisiana, where the opposition of the late Confederates has been still more virulent, there is scarcely any hope of reconciliation between the two parties, except through an overwhelming majority for General GRANT in the impending Presidential election. Such a majority—particularly if it comes chiefly from the Northern States—will bring the opposition to its senses, and conduce to its acceptance of the situation. This will result in the great objects which the Republicans throughout the country now have in view—permanent peace and a perfect reconciliation. If, however, the Democrats succeed in the election of SEYMOUR and BLAIR, the vexed questions which have disturbed the nation for four years will continue to agitate the country during another administration. Let all Southern voters who desire the speedy return of peace and prosperity in their section remember this fact. If they really desire the perpetuation of discord and disturbance, they will most surely help on that result by voting the Democratic ticket.

WE believe the officers of the MANHATTAN to be honest and responsible, and their plan fairly set forth in their prospectus, to which we direct those contemplating Life Insurance, leaving each to judge for himself.—*N. Y. Tribune* (Aug. 11). See Prospectus on this page.

DOTT'S CLOTHES WASHER is worth one dollar per week in any family.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

R. C. BROWNING, General Agent,
No. 32 Courtlandt St., New York.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES-WRINGER, lately improved with Rowell's patent double gear and new clasp extension, soon saves its cost in labor and clothes. The only Wringer with the PATENT STOP, without which cog-wheels play out of gear and are of no use when most needed. Sold every where. R. C. BROWNING, General Agent, No. 32 Courtlandt St., New York.

OUR readers will notice the advertisement in our columns to-day of LAPORTE'S PARIS KID GLOVES, and will, no doubt, recall the name of LAPORTE, whose peculiar signature they have seen in the beautifully-cut and elastic kid gloves brought home by many a returning tourist from London.

The introduction of these admirable and widely-known gloves into the United States deserves more than a passing notice. LAPORTE'S Kid Gloves have been in use for nearly a quarter of a century by the Queen and Royal Family of England, and also by many of the most noble and distinguished families of that and other countries. It is noted for its beautiful shape, giving to the hand that graceful outline so rarely seen in ordinary gloves, heightening the effect of a handsome hand, and concealing in a measure any natural defect in those that are otherwise.

Our enterprising merchants will not be slow in availing themselves of the advantages which have already been derived by European dealers in this glove. One house in London (the well-known firm of J. & R. MORLEY) sell annually 30,000 dozen of LAPORTE'S Gloves.—*Times.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR removing FRECKLES, TAN, PIMPLES, and all other blemishes, use Phalon's "PAPHIAN LOTION." Sold by all druggists. Price $1 25 per bottle.

FOR the *Toilet, Bath,* and *Nursery,* use Phalon's "PAPHIAN SOAP." 25 cts. per cake. Sold by druggists and by PHALON & SON, 517 Broadway, N. Y.

GRAND DUCHESS of GEROLSTEIN, Martha, Lucrezia, Barber of Seville, Fidelio, Crispino e la Comare, Norma, Traviata, Trovatore, Freischutz, Ballo in Maschera, Somnambula. Each opera complete for piano solo, with overture and whole of music. Price 50 cents.

"Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*N. Y. Times* (June 29th).

Boosey & Co.'s new Catalogue of Cheap Musical Publications free. BOOSEY & CO., 644 Broadway.

PAIN PAINT.

Ask for Wolcott's Pain Paint, in white outside wrappers—take none other—or send to the General Office for it. Pint bottles, $5; quart, $8; gallon, $20; sent free of express charges on receipt of the price. Small bottles can be bought at Drug Stores.

R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York.

GRANT and COLFAX.

For the best Campaign Medals, Pins, and Badges of GRANT & COLFAX, send to the oldest and most respectable manufacturers, who have made this business a specialty for the past nineteen years. We have now ready a great variety of all styles. Prices from $3 to $10 per 100. We will send to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price, *One Sample,* 25c., *Three Samples,* 50c., with Price-List. We request our Correspondents to be brief, as we are always very busy during the Campaign. We make suitable reductions on all large orders for *Dealers and Clubs.*

All moneys sent by Post-Office Order at our risk. We guarantee full amount in goods, at lowest rates, for all money sent to us. Address

RICHARDS & MARKT,
P.O. Box 3131. 55 Murray St., N. Y.

20,000 SOLD.—MAGNETIC POCKET TIME-KEEPER AND COMPASS—handsome case, glass crystal, white enameled dial, steel and metal works, watch size; warranted to keep in order and denote correct time for two years. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent securely by mail, postpaid, for only $1; three for $2. Address

MAGNETIC WATCH CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

ALMOST MIRACULOUS.—We seldom indorse a man in our editorial columns—never, unless convinced that he is deserving, and to speak well of him will result in benefit to the public. It is with this idea that we call attention to the advertisement of Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, No. 697 Broadway, New York, who is performing cures for Hernia, or Rupture, but little less than miraculous, and never before, to our knowledge, attempted or accomplished by any other surgeon. We have with our own eyes seen his cures—are acquainted with men he has brought to health from a living death, and do earnestly advise all who are afflicted to consult with or call upon him. A more meritorious physician does not live. The communication in this week's DEMOCRAT was handed in to us by Geo. Hodges, a man whose life was saved and health restored by Dr. Sherman, as he gave abundant proof, and to it we call attention, knowing those afflicted will thank us if they seek relief and comfort.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

The following is the statement of Mr. Hodges alluded to in the above article:

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS FROM RUPTURE, AND FINAL CURE OF GEORGE HODGES, Esq.

READ HIS STATEMENT.

"When a boy, about nine years of age, I became ruptured on both sides, and my parents, anxious for my welfare, sought the advice and aid of our family physician, who procured and adjusted to me a truss, which I wore for some time, under his supervision, without being benefited by it. My parents then sought elsewhere, but to no purpose, for one truss after the other seemed to increase my trouble. When about fifteen years of age it was my good fortune to visit London, where I hoped to find a suitable truss for my case, but there, too, I failed. I could obtain nothing I could wear that would retain it. The next opportunity I had was in this city, where I sought out the most celebrated *truss vendors*, among whom were the gentlemen to whom I shall hereafter allude, who, from a feeling of humanity, pride, or profit, exhausted all their abilities in my behalf, without any success.

"I tried Dr. Rigg's Hard Rubber Truss, which was painful, without answering the purpose.

"I applied to Dr. Gregory, No. 609 Broadway, who seemed to be quite alarmed when I showed him my case, and declared it to be the worst rupture that he had seen since he had been in New York, for the past twelve years; and after vainly trying on several of his 'White's Patent Trusses,' he gave me up, saying my case was a hopeless one, and if I didn't find some relief it would put me under ground in less than a year; that he could do nothing for me; wouldn't undertake to, and that if any body did, they would only take my money without doing me any good.

"I called on Dr. Pomeroy, No. 558 Broadway, who arranged and fitted on several of his patent trusses, with no better result. Notwithstanding he put on some with great pressure, they did not support my case, and he gave it up, remarking he did not think that I could find any thing to do me any good; my rupture was so bad, he did not see how I had managed to live so long with it.

"After this my attention was directed to Dr. Marsh, of the Astor House, Vesey Street, and I called to see him. He tried on various trusses, which proved a failure. He then decided that his $40 radical cure truss would do, but he would have to prepare one. I left his office feeling rather dubious, yet withal I returned in a day or two after, and Dr. Marsh went to work at me again as though he meant this time to conquer; but he soon dropped his courage, and with it my case, for his radical cure truss, though adjusted, readjusted, and adjusted again and again, was a failure; it could not retain my rupture, although it was applied with painful force. Dr. Marsh, on giving up my case, remarked, 'You are in a critical condition; it's a wonder your rupture has not killed you long ago.' I was again compelled to leave his office doubly disappointed and dejected in spirits. Lamenting my sad fate, yet not abandoning my efforts, a medical gentleman on whom I called advised me to see Dr. Sheldon, No. 710 Broadway, and I did so. Dr. Sheldon, after looking at my case, fixed together and put on several of his patent trusses, all of which failed to hold. He then seemingly determined to govern my case, fixed up one with terrible pressure, which served a little better one way, but worse another, for it seemed as though it would cut me in two in an hour. I could not possibly endure it longer. Dr. Sheldon said it was the best he could do; my case was a very bad one.

"Receiving a circular of the Elastic Truss Company, No. 474 Broadway, which promised a good deal, I called there to see the Superintendent, Dr. Dike, who went at my case, strapping me unbearably tight, without helping my rupture at all.

"Having my attention called to a notice of Dr. E. B. Foote, Lexington Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, I called to see him, but his attendant, finding my rupture so bad, would not undertake to do any thing for it. This was, indeed, disheartening, and almost forced me to the conclusion that my life was inseparably linked with misery. But, as the sun looks brightest after the most terrific storm, so, after the most searching and unsuccessful trials for relief, the light of science burst upon me brightest through Dr. Sherman's illustrated circular, which casually fell into my hands; and yet, to have the assurance of its being a true light, after, as I may say, having endured a series of storms and gloomy forebodings, I determined to take the advice of Dr. Sayre, corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirtieth Street, who I have heard was one of the most eminent surgeons of this city, before calling on Dr. Sherman, which I did, informing him at the same time of the failure of the persons heretofore alluded to. Dr. Sayre advised me by all means to go to Dr. Sherman and see what he could do, and to come back and let him see me after I got fixed.

"This encouraging advice from Dr. Sayre fanned into a flame the spark of hope kindled in me when I first looked over Dr. Sherman's circular, and I went to his office, No. 697 Broadway, witn a step of buoyancy which I had not felt before for years. When I arrived I found several before me, but I waited my turn, and had my case examined. During the examination by Dr. Sherman I did not have the same feelings of dread and fear come upon me that I had when Dr. Marsh, Dr. Gregory, and others examined me, which circumstance tended farther to strengthen my faith in the opinion that I had at last fortunately found some one equal to the task of relieving me. Subsequent to the examination Dr. Sherman gave a more favorable opinion than any of the other parties to whom I had applied, and expressed himself in such sanguine terms that I put myself in his hands, and am now, and have been since that day, a new man, capable of taking the most active exercise without any inconvenience whatever from my rupture. I am now, practically, a sound man, and expect soon to be in point of fact.

"As Dr. Sayre requested me to call and let him see what Dr. Sherman did for me, I stepped in at his office, after proving Dr. Sherman's method a few days, to let him know that I was doing well. He examined me, and was very much pleased, expressing his satisfaction in very strong terms of praise, adding, 'When I first saw your rupture I was afraid that you would not be able to find any thing to do you any good.'

"The way that I have been treated since my rupture first appeared, by the numerous persons who have attempted to relieve me, in view of the relief that I have recently received from Dr. Sherman, forces me to the conclusion that it is not the incurability of rupture, but the bad treatment by injurious pressure the ruptured patient receives, which fastens to him this curse for life, or hurls him with the horrors of strangulated rupture to a premature grave.

"That the reader may more fully realize the horrible condition that I was in when I placed myself in the hands of Dr. Sherman, I would recommend him to see my photographs, taken by order of Dr. Sherman before and after treatment, which may be seen at his office.

"GEORGE HODGES,
"Thirtieth Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York."

MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION,
No. 432 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK.

THE MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION is chartered by the State of New York.

OBJECT.

The object of this Association is to secure a cash payment within forty days after the death of a member of as many dollars as there are members in the class to which he or she belongs, to his or her heirs.

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

The membership fees are six dollars at joining (for which a policy will be furnished), and one dollar and ten cents on the death of each member, of which due notice will be given. One dollar from each member goes to the widow or heirs of the deceased member, and the ten cents for the expenses of collecting.

INVESTMENTS.

The By-Laws of the Association require that one third of the money received as new membership fees shall be made a sinking fund to meet payments falling due by the delinquencies of members. This fund is held by the

NATIONAL TRUST CO.,

and will be invested in United States Bonds, or real estate, or bond and mortgage upon New York City property, which property shall be double the value of the money so loaned.

THE FUNDS.

The remaining two thirds, after paying the expenses of the Association, shall be invested in real estate in the City of New York, or in bond and mortgage on property in the City of New York, the interest of which shall go to pay the current expenses of the Association. If a deceased member leaves no heirs, the money becomes the property of the Association, with the proviso that the expenses of burial shall be paid out of such funds—said expenses, however, not to exceed one hundred dollars.

A member failing to pay his fee of one dollar and ten cents within thirty days from date of notice, forfeits all claims upon the Association, and also forfeits all money previously paid. In the Pacific States this time is extended to sixty days. A member having no permanent residence must notify the Secretary, and appoint a representative to pay his fees.

When members choose they can send ten dollars and fifty cents to the Treasurer to prepay their fees, which sum will pay for ten deaths, thus saving the trouble of sending $1 10 each time, besides a saving of fifty cents. No man is so poor that he can not pay $6 now, and $1 10 occasionally, thus securing $5000 to his heirs. The average number of dollars each person will have to pay to secure $5000 will be $30 per year, a little over fifty cents per week. This makes this mode of insurance cost about one sixth what they would have to pay any regular Insurance Company for a $5000 policy.

This company is divided into ten classes for men, and ten classes for women. As soon as these classes are filled ten new classes will be adopted. Men and women are not allowed in the same classes. Every thing is done to make each class equal.

CLASSES.

In class A all persons betw'n the ages of 15 and 20 yrs.
In class B all persons betw'n the ages of 20 and 25 yrs.
In class C all persons betw'n the ages of 25 and 30 yrs.
In class D all persons betw'n the ages of 30 and 35 yrs.
In class E all persons betw'n the ages of 35 and 40 yrs.
In class F all persons betw'n the ages of 40 and 45 yrs.
In class G all persons betw'n the ages of 45 and 50 yrs.
In class H all persons betw'n the ages of 50 and 55 yrs.
In class I all persons betw'n the ages of 55 and 60 yrs.
In class K all persons betw'n the ages of 60 and 65 yrs.

The classes for women are the same as above. Any one that is found to give his or her age wrong will be expelled, and the moneys paid forfeited to the Association. Each class is limited to 5000 members. Each person pays $6 upon becoming a member, and $1 10 each time a member dies *belonging to the same class he or she may be a member of.*

A member of one class can not be assessed this dollar if a member of another class dies. Each class is INDEPENDENT, *having no connection with any other.*

ILLUSTRATION.

Class "A" has 5000 male members. A man dies. The Association pays over, within forty days, $5000 to the widow or heirs, and the remaining members forward, within thirty days, $1 10 each to the Association to reimburse it. Failing to send this sum, they forfeit to the Association all moneys paid, and the Association supplies a new member to fill the place of the retiring one.

ADVANTAGES.

The advantages of this Association over ordinary Life Insurance Companies are, no panics can break it; the fees are so small, and required to be paid at such long intervals, that any man can secure to his family a competency upon his death.

HOW TO BECOME MEMBERS.

Any one desiring to become a member must send $6, in check, bank draft, postal order, or by express, the expressage being paid by the applicant. *Under no circumstance will the Association be responsible for moneys sent but in this way.* Agents are not allowed to receive moneys, but must ask for checks, &c., &c. Persons paying an agent otherwise than by check do it at their own risk. All checks, &c., must be payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer. Accompanying the money must be a paper giving the applicant's full name, age, birth-place, present occupation, who the policy is in favor of, post-office address, town, county, state—*also, a Medical Certificate,* setting forth the physical condition, and whether, in the opinion of the doctor examining, the applicant is a proper person to be insured. Blank forms of application for membership will be sent upon application.

Agents are not allowed to receive money but in the form of a check, draft, or postal order, made payable to the order of W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.

Each member ought to try to make new members; by so doing he benefits himself. No letter will be noticed that does not contain a three-cent postage stamp to prepay return postage.

All communications should be addressed

Manhattan Co-operative Relief Association,
No. 432 BROOME STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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E. McMURDY, President.
ELSON T. WRIGHT, Vice-President.
W. S. CARMAN, Treasurer.
LEWIS SANDERS, Secretary.
JOHN A. ROBINSON, M.D., } Examining
ALEX. R. GRAY, M.D., } Physicians.

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N. B.—Parties paying agents in money do so at their own risk. The Association will not be responsible for money so paid.

A General Agent wanted for each State and Territory. General Agents will be required to give the best of references, and $50,000 bonds.

Agents wanted in every Town in the United States and Canadas.

A physician will be in attendance at the office of the Company—also at the office of each General Agent—to examine applicants.

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5 Styles Campaign Songsters, 10, 15, and 25 cts. each.
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5 Styles Campaign-Club Badge, 50 cents each.
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ESTABLISHED 1861.

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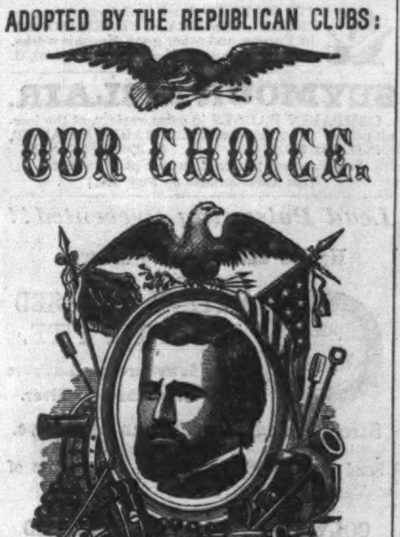

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ULYSSES S. GRANT

For Vice-President,

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Beautifies and Preserves the Teeth.

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Medical Hints for the Fall.

The semi-annual shaking in the Fever and Ague districts has begun. The fogs of these Autumn nights and mornings are surcharged with the elements of intermittent and bilious remittent fevers, and, unfortunately, two thirds of the community are just in the condition to be disastrously affected by them. Those who have been prudent enough to fortify themselves during the Summer with that powerful and infallible vegetable invigorant—

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS—

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